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AUGUST 24, 1965

NATIONAL REVIEW

*A Journal
of Fact and
Opinion*

Does it Help Society to Be Social-Minded?

Milton Friedman

Enter Heath

Anthony Lejeune

I've Been Working on the Doorbells

David Johnston

Also In This Issue:

BURNHAM ON RHETORIC AND MEDICARE ♦ EVANS ON THE UGLY
RUSSIAN ♦ FRANK MEYER VS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN ♦ RUSSELL
ON JEAN HARLOW ♦ & MELCHIOR PALYI ON BOOM AND PANIC

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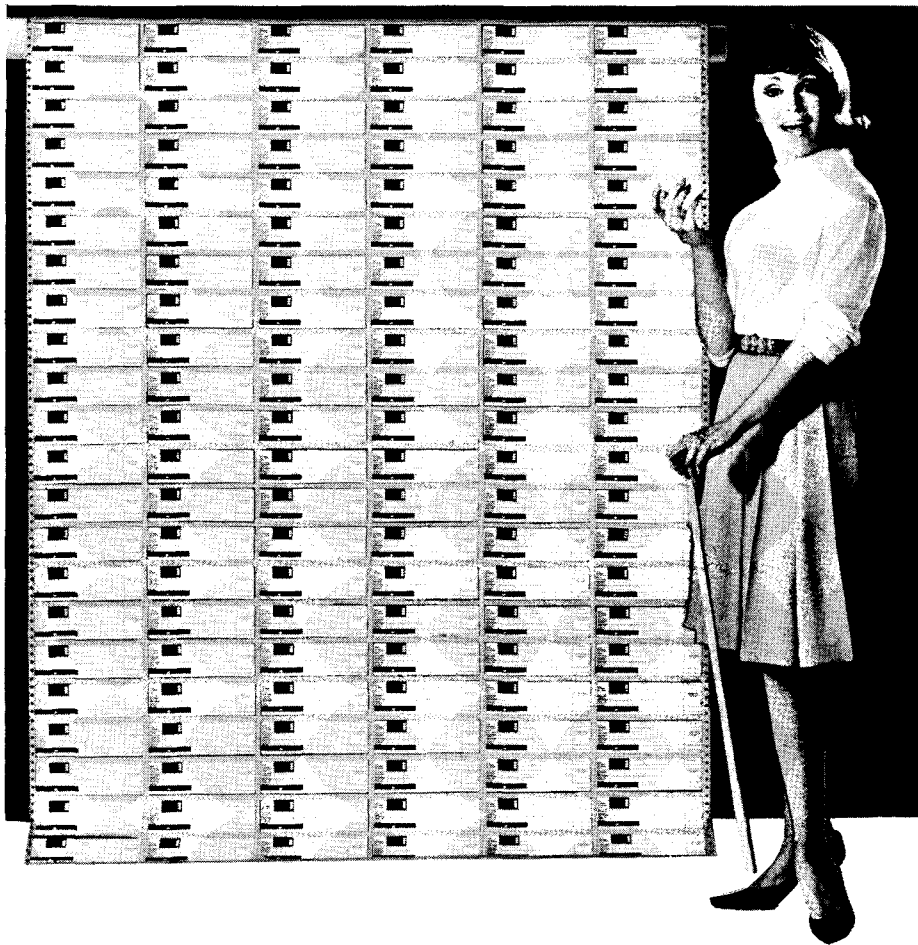
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In This Issue ...

➔ Professor **Milton Friedman** demonstrates the anti-social consequences of certain policies vaguely commended as "social." He looks directly at the dilemma of the business firm whose stockholders expect that it should be managed in such a way as to maximize profits, while the President of the United States expects that management should refrain from spending money abroad, even if to do so would be to diminish profits. Put it all in the wringer and ask, how does society fare best? Under which impulse, the stockholders' or the President's? Milton Friedman is, of course, among the two or three outstanding economists in the world, author of many books, and professor at the University of Chicago. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** describes the meaning of Edward Heath's ascendancy, and the pressing need to replace Harold Wilson as Prime Minister. . . . **Gilbert Comte**, a French journalist who writes for *Nation Française*, *Le Monde*, etc., specializes in African affairs. He views with dismay the transfusion given to Nasser by the United States' resumption of wheat shipments. . . . **David C. Johnston**, 14, lives in Susanville, California, and greatly against his parents' wishes participated actively last year in Senator Goldwater's campaign. He writes about his experiences with domestic and foreign enemies, but adds in a covering letter: "Although I do not agree with my parent's [sic] political views, I still respect their right to an opinion and I could not get along without their aid and non-political guidance. Thank you. Sincerely."

➔ **William Buckley** discusses the final assault on Presidential privacy by "Crawfie" Schlesinger, and the unhappy impact on American foreign policy of such confidential memoirs as are now being published. . . . **Russell Kirk** observes ruefully the decline of the small hospital, under the impulse of centralization. . . . Both **James Burnham** and **Frank Meyer** publish under the rubric of "The Open Question," a department reserved for strong intramural disagreements. Mr. Burnham sharply disagrees with an editorial published in the last issue of *NATIONAL REVIEW* concerning Medicare. And Frank Meyer sharply disagrees with Mr. Buckley on, of all people, Abraham Lincoln.

➔ **M. Stanton Evans**, editor of the *Indianapolis News*, reviews Victor Lasky's *The Ugly Russian*, and is much bucked up by the widespread documentation of an almost endemic Russian ineptitude. To be sure, Russia is doing all right. But there is hope here for those who don't believe the myth of superefficiency in Russian operations. . . . **Guy Davenport** reviews "two straw men and Gogol's ghost." Mr. Davenport will be publishing several important books this fall and spring. . . . **Melchior Palyi**, the economist, commends Robert T. Patterson's *The Great Boom and Panic*. . . . And **Arnold W. Green**, a retired academician, and author of *Recreation, Leisure, and Politics*, reviews an important book by our truant African correspondent and novelist, Mrs. Elspeth Huxley, on the immigrants in Britain, and the special problems they have raised. ➔



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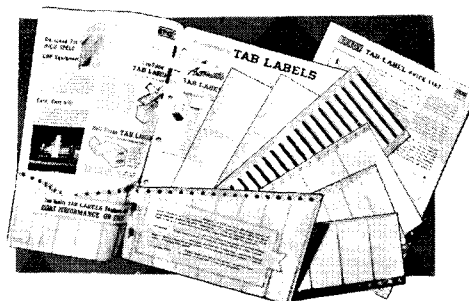
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TO THE EDITOR



The South Rises

The Guy Davenport review of *Everything That Rises Must Converge* in your July 27 issue is unworthy of NATIONAL REVIEW. It would seem more at home in one of the national weeklies that make a habit of heaping abuse on the South.

Mr. Davenport can rest assured that the South he portrays as devoid of "natural law, gods, norms of honesty, dignity, and so on" does not exist. His view must be the result of a very small mind attempting to understand a very large and complex region.

Winter Garden, Fla. HARLEY TOMPKINS

Pop. Explosion (cont.)

Congratulations on your excellent series in the July 27 issue on the population explosion, a series which I believe to be the best treatment of the topic yet to appear in the popular press.

Lincoln, Neb.

JACK GLEASON

NATIONAL REVIEW's articles fail to deal with the basic fallacy in the idea of a population explosion. There has been no civilization known which did not practice some method of population control, some acceptable to our moral sense, more not. Conflict of interest still exists in the realm of reproduction. The valuation which determines population increase rests at the family level. A man and wife must make a value judgment of another child against the decrease in their own standard of living necessitated by supporting another child. The small American families of the 1930s demonstrated the ability to make such choices and carry them into effect. Human population is not, therefore, limited by subsistence available but rather by capital accumulation and the present population's willingness to share it with offspring.

NATIONAL REVIEW readers should consult von Mises. The relevant sections of his *Human Action* have not been surpassed.

Muncie, Ind.

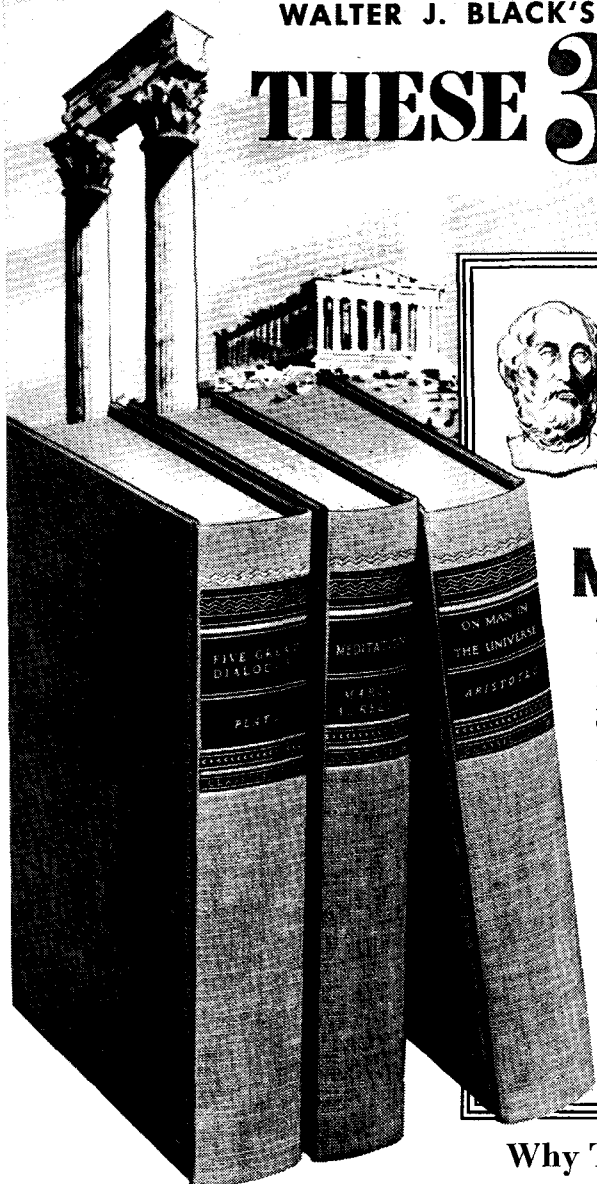
RALPH O. BUTZ, M.D.

Garry Wills implied that Pius XI's *Casti Connubii* contained no sanction for the practice of rhythm in Christian marriage. Dr. Wills said: ". . . Church authority itself moved away from the strict interpretation of the encyclical when Pius XII approved the practice of 'rhythm,' which is certainly a deliberate attempt to use matrimony in such a way as to frustrate the individual sex act of its generative consequences." →

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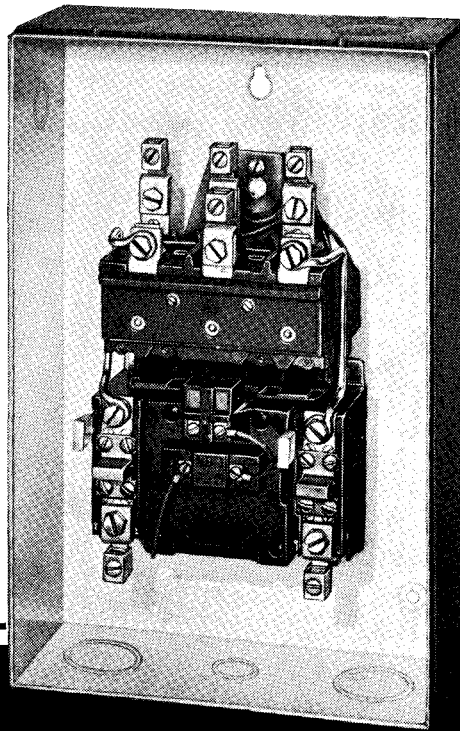
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Here Dr. Wills gives the impression that a radical change in Church teaching had occurred, that Pius XII had given ground and that further moves "away" may be justified by this precedent. While he is presenting arguments adduced by advocates of the moral validity of positive contraception, he tended to mislead his readers.

Pius XI explicitly stated that "virtuous continence" is permitted by Christian law when both parties consent. The Pontiff also denounced the deliberate frustration of the natural power and purpose of the conjugal act as "intrinsically vicious." (cf. par. 53, 54, *Casti Connubii*.)

Dr. Wills identifies non-action, which in this case is not evil, with an abuse that papal and episcopal teaching have consistently termed an "intrinsic" evil.
Bronx, N. Y. EDWARD T. WELCH

What in God's name is going on in the Catholic Church when one who is as familiar with her doctrine as Garry Wills is puts forth as a proven fact that pleasure in the sex act has been considered beyond the pale for pious Catholics? St. Louis, who as king kept ever before him the words of his holy mother, "I would rather see you dead than in mortal sin," made love to his wife like he waged war on his enemies, openly, freely, almost wantonly. A good case could be made for saying the French will ever be at least nominally Catholic and ever willing to love because they once had a king who would love better and pray better than any man of his day. And it is mighty lucky for us that the Irish
(Continued on p. 740)



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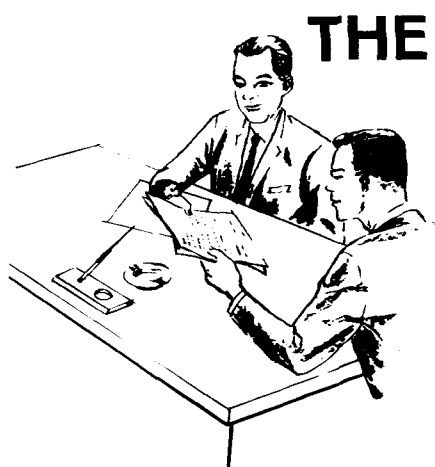
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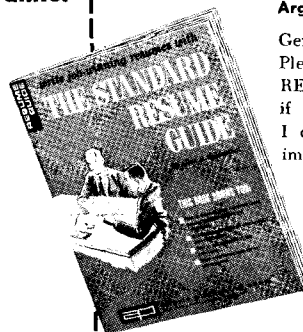
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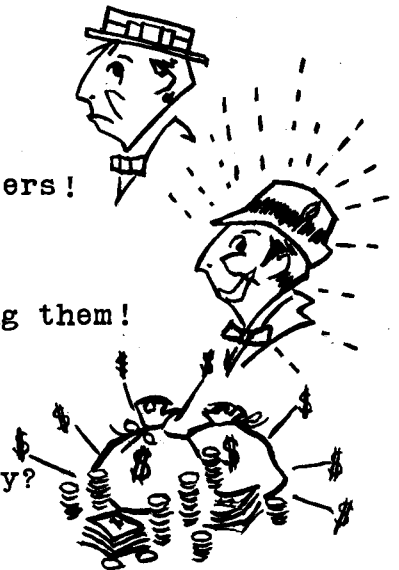
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The WEEK

● The word on August 5 was that President Johnson had addressed a swarm of students on the White House lawn as "fellow revolutionaries." Well, the President was misquoted. What he said was, "Hello, fellows, loosen Mary's." White House sources said the line was an old fraternal greeting taken from a poem about lodge rituals in ancient Persia, "Sohrab and Rustum," by Robert Lowell.

● Overheard at the minority telephone office of the House of Representatives: "All I said was, Ray Bliss is a fink. Now the whole House GOP is on my neck. How was I to know Bliss was a Republican?"

● The reappointment of Henry Cabot Lodge as ambassador to Saigon began producing troubles in South Vietnam even before his resettlement in the embassy. From the first term of duty the memory inevitably lingers on of the assassination of Ngo Dinh Diem, the asylum in the U.S. embassy given the left-wing Buddhist troublemaker Thich Tri Quang, and Lodge's tendency to conduct himself as a Roman proconsul in a backward province. Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, rounding out his second month in office, cannot be blamed for anticipating the worst. Trying to head off a possible coup, General Ky has taken preventive action: stripping a Lodge military favorite and former head of government, General Nguyen Khanh, of his assignments; firing a Lodge civilian protégé, Harvard-man Nguyen Xuan Canh, from his job as head of the National Bank; keeping an eye on Thich Tri Quang; retaining his own post as active head of the Air Force, and visiting Taiwan and Thailand—during the period including Lodge's scheduled arrival day—to tighten relations with anti-Communist Asian governments.

● In the past year the amount of silver certificates outstanding has dropped from \$8.55 per capita to \$4.26. The Treasury continues to retire silver certificates at about \$50 million a month, and the silver bullion thus "freed" from backing the certificates is being used in coinage, open market operations (to hold the market price below \$1.29, the melting point for silver dollars), and reserves. In the same period, subsidiary silver coinage has risen from \$10.40 per capita to \$12.10 per capita, and nickels and pennies from \$3.85 to \$4.24 per capita—as a result of the "crash program" of the U.S. Mint. The accelerated retirement of silver certificates has built up the

Treasury's free reserves from zero to almost 300 million ounces. These reserves will be called into play, if need be, to hold the market price down when the new non-silver coinage is issued. If the market price should hit \$1.38 or ever threaten to, the whole subsidiary silver coinage would be threatened by the melting pot.

● The Association of Physicians and Surgeons, which was formed in 1943 to take political action, has urged its 16,000 members to adopt a policy of non-cooperation with the new federal medical program: to refuse to join official boards and committees or fill out forms, and so on. Mr. Wilbur Cohen, Under Secretary of the Healthy Wealthy and Wise Department, has declared that such action by the physicians would be perfectly legal. And it should be remembered that the doctors who boycott the federal program simultaneously vow to give treatment free of charge, if need be, rather than submit to the politicalization of medicine.

● Singapore's abrupt withdrawal from the Maylayan Federation poses a real problem for Great Britain, because Singapore has served as Britain's principal military base in that area. If Britain can no longer count on Singapore as a reliable base for the 50,000 troops and 100 ships she maintains there, then the line of defense will have to fall back to Australia or New Zealand. In addition, Britain will urge the U.S. to take on more of the British burden, because the U.S. is already there in force, and Britain is cutting its defense budget as part of the struggle to defend the pound sterling. The UN gains a new member (27 miles long, 14 miles wide, pop. 1.8 million, 80 per cent Chinese); the West gains one more headache; and Sukarno moves a step forward, with no effort at all, towards his proclaimed ambition to "crush Malaysia."

● Britain's first Labor government in thirteen years got approximately nowhere with its grandiose legislative plans this year. Parliament closed having passed 65 government laws, most of them insignificant. The two great pillars of socialist reform—nationalization of the steel industry and establishment of a land commission to buy land for community use at less than market price—were not even discussed. A major race relations bill was held over for the fall, and the tax bill was substantially changed. Liberal leader Jo Grimond's discouraged analysis: "No one has felt that Britain is marching to a new horizon." Just to a new government.

● If Greece fails to solve her prolonged political crisis, it will not be from lack of dedication or courage on the part of her young king. Constantine saw

clearly what the wily Papandreou father-and-son team were doing, and realized where it would lead. When George (father) Papandreou, as Premier, found his majority shaky, he and son Andreas moved to strengthen it by easing Communists and pro-Communists back into political life, making a deal with Cypriot Archbishop Makarios and purging anti-Communists from the officer corps and intelligence organization. Spurred into immediate counter-action by this last operation, King Constantine judged it his duty to prevent the threatened shifting of his country's delicate political equilibrium into neutralism, perhaps still farther Leftward. He therefore dismissed George Papandreou, who has replied, with demagogic irresponsibility, by egging thousands of youths into the streets, where they inevitably come to be manipulated by the trained Communist agents in their midst. Papandreou's hold on the Central Union party—largest, though not a clear majority, in parliament—has so far proved strong enough to defeat Constantine's attempts to name a new Premier. It begins to look as if the outcome must be either a military-backed emergency regime or a new election in which anything might happen if the Greek electorate does not come to its senses.

- "Rome, August 5 (UPI)—Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani said today Roman Catholics who supported political movements which helped spread Communism incurred automatic excommunication. The head of the powerful Congregation of the Holy Office said the Church's decrees on this point were still in effect. 'All Catholics,' he said, 'have the duty strictly to observe these decrees.'"

- Kwame Nkrumah asked Lyndon Johnson for a pause in our bombing so that he, Kwame, would not get hit while peacemongering in Hanoi. Lyndon assured Kwame he'll be all right, since our bombing of Hanoi is in a state of permanent pause. Kwame will be in Hanoi only a few days. Time enough for a little pause in the pause?

- A specter is haunting Cincinnati, the specter of Phoenix. Comes now to the rescue Cincinnati himself, Mr. Charles P. ("Slightly") Taft, who, along with Mr. Walter ("Sooth-") Thayer of the *New York Herald Tribune*, and Ambassador Henry Sabotage, have cast off their chains and risen up, in the form of Republicans for Progress, to Keep The GOP Just Like It Was. The newsletter of Republicans for Progress is called (hang onto your seats) *Republicans for Progress* ("A Citizens [sic] Organization Speaks Out"), Vol. 1 No. 1 of which almost fails to make itself audible, as when it mumbles: "A number of Republicans in Congress are writing a constructive record marked by bi-partisan support of

several Administration programs, the offering of positive alternatives to inadequate proposals, and vigorous, but, on the whole, responsible criticism of Administration weaknesses." Now abideth Slightly, Sooth, and Sabotage, and the least of these is anyone's guess.

- By a vote of 245 to 158, the House simultaneously doubled the outlay of the War on Poverty and ended the power of state governors to veto certain types of programs. The crucial vote, on a Republican motion to retain the gubernatorial veto, was won by Administration forces by only five votes. What follows, if nature takes its course, is unchecked direction of the program by federal bureaucrats—or worse, by semi-revolutionary "community groups" like New York City's Mobilization for Youth, whose members were instrumental in igniting the Harlem riots last year (and which Governor Rockefeller, by his recent partial veto under the now-abolished procedure, was attempting to check).

- Mr. Byron ("Whizzer") White, a Justice of the Supreme Court, addressed an early gathering of lawyers at the American Bar Association convention in Miami recently, explaining that the 1964 Supreme Court decision which reversed a libel judgment against the *New York Times* actually opened the door for all good men and true, whether of high or low estate, to utter their honest thoughts about any public official, whether those thoughts contain truths or untruths. "The honest mistake is protected by the First Amendment," said Justice White.

- Never mind Che, where's Raúl?

Government Unlimited

In the accounts of the hundreds of southern Negroes filing by the federal registrars there is something very touching that comes through even the soaped-up prose of the Northern reporters. These local Negro citizens are for the most part not civil rights agitators, but simple people of many sorrows and much faith. It is touching to see, in the photographs, the seriousness and hope and quiet pride in their faces and to read their deeply felt statements, so often religious in root, of the meaning to them, as they struggle to express it, of this act of entering the electorate of their country, the earth's greatest nation. It is touching also, sadly and tragically touching, to reflect on the high measure of illusion embodied in their hope, and on the disenchantment, sometimes bitterness or despair, that awaits them as they discover that neither this magic Sesame, the vote, nor all the trappings of externally imposed

formal equality, will open a gate to plenty and to the happiness whose sources can never be found in outward form, but are, always and for all men, within.

Alabama, Alaska, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Virginia, plus 26 counties of North Carolina and one county of Arizona are on the blacklist posted by the new Voting Rights Bill—they being the areas where, in the 1964 election, more than 50 per cent of the potential electorate either was unregistered or failed to vote. In those areas all qualifications other than existence and age, including all literacy tests, have been suspended; into numerous regions the federal registrars have been dispatched and are already enrolling full speed ahead: enrolling, Attorney General Katzenbach declared on the TV program, "Issues and Answers," anyone and everyone, including illiterates who can neither write nor read nor even sign their names. In this, he declared, there is no inequity, because these areas have been registering white illiterates, and "if they register white illiterates, it is fair to say, 'The standards you have adopted for yourselves, you have to adopt those same standards for Negroes.'" The argument is revealing, for it confirms that the new law is punitive in deliberate intent, not merely, as its sponsors have claimed, corrective and reformist.

Federal intervention—through the courts, by a new law, or however—might have been directed to guarantee that the lawful rules by which a state qualified voters, as the Constitution instructs the states and only the states to do, were applied fairly to all citizens. Such a procedure could have been as effective as any other against truly racial discrimination—such as exists in much of the South—and also against other forms of gross voter discrimination, such as the routine fraudulence in Illinois elections that deprives Illinois voters, black and white, of their right to an equal voice; that deprived the nation's voters, many believe, of their choice of a President in 1960.

But instead, the President and the Congress chose to devise and enact—and the Court will no doubt uphold—this present measure that segregates the South as target for its retributive fire, nullifies the qualification of electors, and sends federal agents, outside the range of local law and regulation to impose an alien will on the local communities. If the Federal Government, on vote of Congress and signature by the President, may abrogate the constitutional prerogatives of state governments, suspend state laws, supplant state officials, and impose its own rules on state electoral processes, what limit is there to the Federal Government's power? There is always and will always be in every field of human activity differences, divisions and discriminations



which, it can be claimed, violate the law of equality. What now stands in the way of a federal law to impose a federal official's idea of equality on any and every activity of the citizen? To compel a particular ratio of race, religion or sex in employment, schooling, housing, hospital beds, bank accounts or tennis courts? Obviously, now, a New York or Chicago or Birmingham political slate that didn't include its quota of Negroes, Catholics, atheists and Jews is unconstitutional, and all-male clubs, serving government-subsidized food (there is no other) in their restaurants, should logically be required to welcome the ladies. As a member of a socially deprived class, am I not manifestly discriminated against when I can't buy a house in a plush suburb merely because I don't have the money? Is the suggestion absurd?—but already, under the new housing law, Washington will give me enough cash to permit me to rent an apartment beyond my financial means.

The nature of government is determined more by means than by ends. The ends of government are everywhere pretty much alike, but it is the differing means that divide freedom and law from tyranny. And in this Voting Rights Bill, however desirable the ends pursued by most of its supporters, we have chosen tyrannical means that will remain to plague us long after the last illiterate is enrolled.

Johnson and 14(b)

It was here and there forecast that Lyndon was not going to push too heavily for the repeal of 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, that in recommending to Congress its abolition he was merely going through ritual motions, like the father who promises his three-year-old son at the hospital that as soon as he gets well, Daddy will jump over the moon; and finds himself, one sunny day, leaping skyward on the lawn for his son's amusement. There were others who doubted that President Johnson would do any such thing. He is a man of his most recent word, and that one was firmly given to the labor unions in 1964—that if they gave him their enthusiastic help he would do his best to deprive the people of nineteen states of the Union of their right to permit a man to work without joining a labor union.

Mr. Johnson did not go about his work prodding our servile Congress ostentatiously. He did, on one occasion, declare that he does not desire His Royal Congress to adjourn until 14(b) is eliminated; but the hard work has been done by his aides, such as Hubert Humphrey, who have made known—who have made very clear—the emperor's wishes on the subject in private conversations with legislators. And so the House of Representatives crumbled; and it remains for the Senate to follow suit.

The Senate, as everyone knows, is predominantly (68-32) Democratic. If ever a filibuster were justified, surely it is justified now, in behalf of the rights of individual working men. It is increasingly hard for a legislator to stand up against the President of the United States, who is terrifyingly efficient and utterly unforgiving of those who stand in his way. And Mr. Johnson's present position against 14(b) is explicit. Yet no less explicit than his position in favor of 14(b) in years not so far gone by. Any senator who desires has only to consult the record, in order to appeal from Lyndon drunk to Lyndon sober. He has available to him, for instance, Lyndon Johnson in 1948, who was quoted by the *Dallas News* (8/10/48, in an Associated Press story) as saying:

"I have never sought nor do I seek now the support of any labor bosses dictating to free men anywhere, anytime." Did he really mean "anytime"? Or did he mean to except any occasion when the labor unions do him a favor and help him to get to the White House?

He was reported, also in Dallas (8/18/48), as saying on radio station KRLD:

"Although I have been a friend of the working man, these big labor racketeers have voted to destroy me and other forthright congressmen who had the courage to vote for the Taft-Hartley bill." Question: Does he now scorn the courage of those who desire to maintain the Taft-Hartley bill?

"Lyndon Johnson," Lyndon Johnson concluded,

"will never vote to repeal this law." Lyndon Johnson may never vote to repeal the law, but as President of all the people he intends to force Congress to do so. "There are only two great issues before Texas and the nation today," he said two days later, once again in Dallas (*Dallas News*, 8/20/48). "One is whether we should bow our necks to labor dictatorship through the repeal or softening of the . . . Taft-Hartley bill, the other is the question of foreign policy." We have seen what has happened to the one one issue. Will he yield on the other, as he yielded on it?

It is, then, up to the Senate to exhibit that exemplary courage which the senators are always talking about in moments of boozy togetherness, which has distinguished the body that stood fast, on so many illustrious occasions in American history, against the political pressures of the day. It would be reassuring to see some manifestations of support for the freedom of American working men by those groups so greatly exercised over the freedom of the Vietcong. The clearest voice on the central issue at stake has been John Ashbrook's (R., O.), who signed the minority report of the congressional committee and added:

"I subscribe to the minority views in general but would make one additional observation. It is an interesting game of semantics which big labor uses to sell the repeal of 14(b). Somehow, freedom is going to come out of compulsion.

"The Meanys and Reuthers remind me somewhat of the tenuous arguments of the East Germans who use splendiferous platitudes to extol the virtues of life in their sector of Germany as against that in West Berlin and West Germany. Somehow it doesn't get through to the people so the leaders have to build a wall to force everyone to enjoy these benefits. The Meanys and Reuthers extol the virtues of trade unionism—and we'll agree that there are many—but the thought that all workers have a moral, proper choice makes them shudder down to their bootstraps so they, too, must build a wall and force everyone to enjoy these benefits they bestow."

Shine, Perishing Republic

The prairie dog is dying;

The condor's conking out.

There's every sign the porcupine's

Prognosis is in doubt.

Lake Erie's plain polluted;

The mighty Hudson stinks.

(When some insist eels can't exist,

The Mayor merely blinks.)

How lucky for our children

They're working on a cure!

Relax . . . until the proper bill

Gets Lyndon's signature.

W. H. VON DREELE

Focus on

WASHINGTON

A deep sense of outrage resides in what passes for Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen's heart. Mr. Dirksen, full of the milk of human

kindness for Democrats, has been carrying water and hewing wood for the Johnson Administration with a dedication that surpasseth understanding. His reward has been a thorough doublecross by the President in the matter of the Dirksen Amendment to restore to state legislatures a part of the apportionment rights guaranteed by the Constitution. The Senate Republican leader was to have gotten quiet Presidential support for this measure, which had the backing of a substantial majority of Democrats and Republicans, in return for vigorous action in pushing through the so-called Voting Rights Act. But Mr. Johnson sat in amused silence as the radical wing of his party commandeered enough votes to deprive Senator Dirksen of the two-thirds needed to approve a constitutional amendment. The Republicans in the Senate now have recourse to a simple bill limiting the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. Such a bill would have the same effect as a constitutional amendment and merely requires a majority of those present and voting.

◆ Ambassador-at-Large W. Averell Harriman has returned from Moscow dripping with perspicuity, and the salons of Georgetown and Foggy Bottom ring with his acclaim. Mr. Harriman has said little to the American public of his "impressions" of the Kosygin-Brezhnev leadership and its intentions, honorable or dishonorable, towards the West and the United States. But to those who share the bounty of his liquor closet—or who offer theirs to the conquering social lion, he is elaborating at some length on his discoveries. To his intimates—and presumably to the President—Mr. Harriman now states with great solemnity that the Soviet Union is no ally of the United States and will not go to war with Red China in America's defense. The Kremlin, he argues, has not jettisoned its revolutionary Communism and will join Peking in an assault on the free world whenever the

Comrades Brezhnev and Kosygin think the time is ripe. This will come as a shock to State Department men who have urged closer ties between the United States and the USSR because of the Moscow-Peking "split."

◆ The Atomic Energy Commission slipped rather badly when it permitted Dr. Leonard A. Sagan to make public the results of a three-year study of the effects of the nuclear bombing of Hiroshima. Dr. Sagan disclosed that of the city's 350,000 population, only 3 per cent were killed by radioactivity or other lethal attributes of the nuclear bomb. The rest of the casualties were the result of fire and concussion—and no different from those sustained by Tokyo and other cities hit by "conventional" bombs. The genetic effects of radiation were, moreover, almost negligible. Only women pregnant at the time of the bombing were affected—40 of them giving birth to microcephalic babies, 20 of whom were of normal intelligence. Radiation had no genetic effect on either men or women who survived the raid. There was no increase in most forms of cancer with the exception of leukemia which showed a rise of 2/10,000ths of 1 per cent. Dr. Sagan's most telling point: To this day, scientists do not know how much radiation the human animal can absorb. Science does know that the human body does not store radiation but loses it as fast as it is received. None of this was mentioned when the hysterical propaganda for the Treaty of Moscow to ban nuclear tests in the atmosphere or in space was filling the newspapers.

◆ Representative Richard Roudebush of Indiana has been doing the arithmetic on Lyndon ("Turn Off Those Lights") Johnson's Handout State programs. For the first year of operation, they will add \$11.76 billion to the federal budget. In the next years, if the programs ever run their course, the cost will be \$62.9 billion. Mr. Roudebush points to a \$6.6 billion for federal aid to education—and you can bet your gold fillings that this is simply a beginning; \$3.3 billion for five years of Area Redevelopment; \$9.5 billion for a five-year poverty program; \$7 billion for Urban Renewal, etc., etc. The War on Poverty is the most likely to last. The poor? They'll always be with us, if President Johnson has his way. Too valuable a political asset to promote them to prosperity.

—CATO

A Turn in the Cycle?

There are signs that the long trend of public opinion, court decisions, laws and official practice that have more and more obsessively pushed the rights of individuals ahead of the safety of society is passing its crest. A Model Code drafted by the American Law Institute proposes many changes that promise more sensible and effective methods of police investigation and arraignment. Answering an ideological attack on this Code by Judge David L. Bazelon ("these provisions would . . . primarily affect the poor and, in particular, the poor Negro citizen . . ."),

Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach made an intelligent and fair-minded analysis of the realities ("Policemen, district attorneys, and trial-court judges have become increasingly unsure of the law with respect to arrest and post-arrest procedures . . . Your suggestion that police questioning will primarily affect the poor and, in particular, the poor Negro, strikes me as particularly irrelevant. The simple fact is that poverty is often a breeding ground for criminal conduct, and that inevitably any code of procedure is likely to affect more poor people than rich people . . . This [ignoring of the relation between poverty, ignorance and crime] would, in fact,

increase the suffering of the less favored in our society, for it is they who live in the high-crime areas, and they who are the usual victims of crime.”)

Carrying the reversal still further along, Lewis F. Powell flatly declared in his presidential address to the American Bar Association—to “thunderous applause,” according to the press reports—that the right of citizens to be free of criminal attacks must be put ahead of the constitutional rights of persons accused of crimes, and continued with a denunciation of the doctrine that every man is free to disobey laws he considers unjust, and of such forms of coercion as sit-ins, mobs in the streets and other exercises in civil disobedience.

Bye-Bye Dirksen

The Dirksen Amendment has been defeated in the Senate. It cannot be meaningfully revived in this Congress, no matter how many more crippling provisos its sponsor pastes on to satisfy the ravenous demands of the Javitses and Bayhs who killed it this time. Thirty-nine senators, all of them Liberals, have affirmed the Supreme Court’s right to unilaterally amend the Constitution, and there is scant hope they can be pried from such a position, at this time and place.

In some ways, the Dirksen Amendment deserved its fate. In its final form it dripped with the compromises for which its author is renowned. It would have set in motion a Rube Goldbergesque machinery of periodic review and referendum to apply to any state intrepid enough to apportion the upper house of its legislature according to factors other than those produced by the U.S. Census Bureau. It is hardly the business of the Constitution to spell out minute operational details—any more than it is the business of the courts to apportion state legislatures.

The next step for opponents of the Supreme Court’s ruling may be a congressional resolution specifically denying the jurisdiction of the courts in reapportionment matters, which as an Act of Congress would require only a simple majority of each House. There is also a possibility that two-thirds of the states will call on Congress to convene an unprecedented Constitutional Convention (so far, 27 of the 34 needed states have done so). Such a convention might profitably consider some variant of the highly practicable Ervin Amendment, which would require the states to apportion one house according to population while denying all interference by the courts in apportioning the other.

Whatever the remedy—if, indeed, a remedy is possible—the vibrations from the Court’s ex cathedra pronouncement have permanently altered America’s political equilibrium. Because “what the court has

done,” in the words of Justice Potter Stewart, “is to convert a particular political philosophy into a constitutional rule, binding upon each of the 50 states, from Maine to Hawaii, from Alaska to Texas, without regard and without respect for the many individualized and differentiated characteristics stemming from each state’s distinct history, distinct geography, distinct distribution of population, and distinct political heritage . . .”

The Unrepresented

One thousand leftist agitators calling themselves the Assembly of Unrepresented People descended upon Washington August 6-9. The Unrepresented, who were also unwashed and unshaven, were mostly students from the Northeast. They vigiled, picketed, and sat-in in front of the White House for three days, demanding to be allowed to deliver their “Declaration of Conscience” to President Johnson in person. The Declaration states “our conscientious refusal to cooperate with the United States Government in the prosecution of the war in Vietnam.” On the fourth day they rose, and marched on the Capitol, this time to read their “Declaration of Peace” on the steps. Three hundred were gently arrested.

The demonstrators carried signs (“Would Christ Carry a Draft Card?”), chanted (“LBJ, LBJ, how many children did you kill today?”), and sang (“Blue-suited fascist cops ain’t gonna run my world”). The usual leftist leaders and dignitaries were on hand: Yale professor Staughton Lynd; Robert Moses of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party; and Dave Dellinger of *Liberation Magazine*. Entertainment by, guess who, Joan Baez.

The Assembly was sponsored by the Committee for Non-Violent Action, the War Resisters League, Student Peace Union, and the *Catholic Worker*. More than sixty leftist organizations were represented: the Communist Party, Progressive Labor Party (which follows the Peking line), W.E.B. DuBois Clubs of America, Socialist Workers Party, and so on. Rep. Edwin E. Willis, Chairman of HUAC, charged that “those taking part in this counterfeit assembly who are not Communists are either being exploited by Communists or are knowingly and openly collaborating with them.”

In informal seminars during the weekend, the Unrepresented concerned themselves with HUAC, community organizations, apartheid, the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, police brutality, “free” universities, conscientious objection, Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic.

NATIONAL REVIEW sent a spy to the Assembly from whom this is only a preliminary dispatch. Expect a 007-type report in the next issue.

How many Conservatives will graduate from college this year?

That depends on YOU!

Is the answer correct? Yes—to a very large extent. For while it is true that conservatives are making an amazing campus revival, it remains a fact that the dominant influence in today's academic life is still Liberal. Students know this—and parents worry about it. That, we feel certain, is why so many students will want to take advantage of NATIONAL REVIEW'S Academic Year Offer, and why so many relatives and friends have sent NATIONAL REVIEW to students. They know that only the well-informed and prepared student can maintain the all-important balanced view—and that NATIONAL REVIEW is an invaluable aid to students both in and out of the classroom.

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Should Fulbright Be Muzzled?

Senator J. William Fulbright unburthened his bosom the other day on the floor of the Senate. Picking out a target he thought he could handle, he lit into the Young Americans for Freedom, accusing them of having persuaded Firestone to give up a plan to show Rumania how to build synthetic rubber plants, accusing Firestone of having kowtowed to demagoguery, accusing YAF of extremism and irresponsibility. . . .

It was quite a performance. It was full of arrogance, which is the sin of intellect; and of sarcasm, which is the humor of arrogance; and of spite, which is the anger of little people. It earned Fulbright the applause of Senator Wayne Morse and Senator Mike Mansfield (who, we fervently hope, had slept as Fulbright spoke, and gave a strictly Pavlovian partisan boost), and of course Page One in the *Fits that Get Printed*.

Fulbright covered eight pages in the *Congressional Record* making these two points (if we discard the vilification): 1) foreign policy is exclusively the concern of the Federal Government, and 2) the Constitution denies citizens the right to proceed as YAF proceeded. "They would do well to read the Constitution of the United States," said Mr. Fulbright. "It would be well for them to read the Constitution of the United States," said Mr. Mansfield. "Yes," said Mr. Fulbright. This brilliant passage may be found in the *Record*, page 17616.

Well, Mr. Fulbright is off base on both counts. the way we see it, and YAF comes out clear ahead. YAF's reply, charging Fulbright with "bad information, bad timing, and bad taste," was perfect, and perfectly in order. Fulbright may be able to muzzle the military, but he's not able to muzzle the whole country, or even 27 million Goldwater voters, or 30,000 members of YAF. Telling the opposition to shut up is a totalitarian trick, and Mr. Fulbright shows large chunks of the tyrant in his make-up.

Should Fulbright be muzzled, though? Of course not. But he *should* be curbed. Others have to use the sidewalks too, you know.

Paging Emily Post

One J. Albert House, a young man of obnoxious habits who was nevertheless, or perhaps on account of them, elected Chairman of the Young Democratic Clubs of America, recently telephoned a busy official of the American Afro-Asian Educational Exchange and demanded that a Young Democrat be named as a delegate to the 11th Annual Conference of the Asian People's Anti-Communist League to be held in Manila in September of this year. (To judge from the behavior of some Young Democrats,

e.g., the Californians, a Young Democrat would be primarily interested in such a Conference in order to heckle it.) However, as it happened, the Secretary of the American Afro-Asian Educational Exchange had during the spring written to Mr. House to ask him to nominate candidates for grants to be awarded American observer-delegates to Manila. Mr. House did not vouchsafe a reply, and the process of selecting American representatives went on, under a screening committee composed of three representatives of the Exchange, including two Ph.D.s, one of them a specialist in Far Eastern affairs.

Said House, on returning from some junket abroad and hearing that no Official Young Democrat was among the six who had been selected from among 260 applicants to go to Manila, called the Secretary on the telephone and bellowed his threats and expostulations. ". . . Do the fellows you have chosen have their passports? We'll see about that!"—meaning, He, House, will use his Influence to deny passports to the students selected to go to Manila. "Is Tom Dodd some kind of officer of your group? I'll get to him right away!" Senator Dodd is some kind of an officer of the American Afro-Asian E. E., and has not, at this writing, been gotten to. And, finally, "We know how you people work and we are going to do something about it!" The Secretary has written wearily to Mr. John Bailey, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, to report on the behavior of this Young Democrat who if he were to apply to go to school in Manila, or anywhere else, to study how to use a knife and fork in social relations, would no doubt head the list of any group of applicants, on the basis of clear and present need.

Harry Bradley, RIP

Mr. Harry Bradley, co-founder with his late brother of the Allen-Bradley Company, one of the largest privately owned companies in America, died two weeks ago, and is deeply mourned by all who knew him, including members of the staff of this journal. Mr. Bradley was a phenomenon. He was professionally shy, and soft-spoken: and among the most adamant of men, who, if he believed in something, was absolutely unmovable. "There was very little point in trying to discourage Harry Bradley on occasions when it might be suspected that the open expression of his views could bring about adverse publicity," a friend remarked about him to the *Milwaukee Journal*, which saluted Mr. Bradley at the time of his death with a becoming generosity in the light of the newspaper's fierce opposition to Mr. Bradley's outspoken conservatism. But his extraordinary generosity, much of it anonymous, to schools and hospitals and art galleries, made him a

civic institution, and his death, even at his advanced age, deprived Milwaukee of one of its freshest and most resourceful sources of commercial and spiritual energy.

Notes and Asides

At a recent meeting, hungry for extra space, the editors surveyed a recent poll which shows that only 15 per cent of our readers take interest in the

Trans-O-Gram puzzle (by contrast with 75 per cent who take interest in the next least-read feature). We are therefore suspending the Trans-O-Gram most reluctantly (we are all ourselves addicts). Our pollster, like some of Dr. Gallup's, could of course be mistaken, in which case we can always reinstate the puzzle. Would those readers who feel strongly on the subject, drop us a card? And please, *don't* tell us that The Only Reason You Buy NATIONAL REVIEW is to do the Trans-O-Gram. You wouldn't want to hurt the feelings of fellow Trans-O-Gram fans, would you?

On the Right

Crawfie Schlesinger

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

It is difficult to imagine whom we shall hear from next respecting the private life and thoughts of John F. Kennedy, but my guess is there is a scullery maid in our future, and *Life* and *Look* will wrestle for her memoirs, one hundred volumes from now in the saga of the exploitation of John Kennedy. Really, one wonders why the live Kennedys don't put a stop to it. Their legal rights are concededly slim—



Buckley

there are few laws hanging around to which they could appeal in order to guard the posthumous privacy of John Kennedy. But they do have something else going for them. The Big Freeze. If they have applied it towards Arthur Schlesinger Jr., the worst of the current crop of offenders, it has gone unnoticed. Not that the threat of the Freeze would necessarily have scared him away from Operation Peephole, the commitment to the memoirs having been undertaken; but it might have thrown the operation into disarray, like the Bay of Pigs.

In England, nowadays, all em-

ployees of the royal family are required to sign an elaborate pledge, to the effect that when they leave the royal service, they will not write about *Life* & *Times* at Buckingham Palace, or about Wild Weekends at Windsor. There is a long tradition of memoirs about court life, but the tradition calls for their publication years and years after the events they describe. As recently as a generation ago, Colonel House, grey eminence to Woodrow Wilson, locked up his archives and declared that they should not be opened until 1950. In England, things began to slip roughly with Crawfie. The lady (Miss Crawford) was nurse to the present Queen and her sister, and published, on retiring, a volume of glucose, detailing everything from the royal diaper habit to the Queen's first heartthrob, with the groom or somebody. The book was a great commercial success, and very soon everyone was doing it. What finally cracked the royal patience was the butler, whose portrayal of *Life* with Prince Philip was less than endearing. The royal boom descended.

Breaches of Confidence

It is bad enough at the personal level. Little Princess Elizabeth should have been allowed to change her diapers in private, and Philip, hung-

over after a night out on the town, to curse the day that he was born without his oaths being tape-recorded for serialization in the *Daily Mail*.

And a President of the United States, one feels, should be free to express the spontaneous motions of his mind without fearing that his inner thoughts are emptying out into one of Mr. Luce's linotype machines. General Eisenhower is known to have stormed with rage and resentment at the breaches of confidence by Emmett John Hughes, who treated himself to a revelation of General Eisenhower's confidence several years ago. Today the principal victim is Dean Rusk, for whom, Schlesinger says, John Kennedy developed a great contempt.

Public Policy

It is, all of it, wrong on several counts. For one, there is absolutely no way of knowing whether it is true. It is presumably not outside the bounds of temptation to yield to imaginative flights of fancy, just to prove that Macy's can come up with more and better unmentionables than Gimbel's. Any man who will break a confidence, could presumably invent a story, the latter being no graver a corruption, surely, than the former. There is that—no one to confute the memoirs. And, secondly, there is the bearing of the revelations on public policy. Dean Rusk's usefulness, such as it is, is a national asset. How useful is he, preceded everywhere he is supposed to go to wheedle in behalf of American interests, by a Portrait of a Nincompoop, by John F. Kennedy, as told to Arthur Crawfie Schlesinger?

The Open Question

Rhetoric and Medicare

JAMES BURNHAM

I was saddened by *NR*'s editorial on Medicare ("It Hurts Right Here, Doctor," *NR*, Aug. 10). It was the sort of thing our opponents delight in offering as evidence that conservatives are what they say we are. Essentially it was a routine Pavlovian exercise: ringing the changes on a few stereotypes to start conditioned right-wing glands flowing.

Item. The editorial waxes sarcastic about the failure of "the compulsory part of the medical-aid bill" (i.e., the institutional care plan) to help "elderly people who are flat broke. They have to have a little dough in order to start the thing working." From a conservative writer, this is either ignorance or demagoguery. In both the (compulsory) institutional care plan and the (voluntary) doctors' plan, one of the soundest features is inclusion of the principles of a "deductible" initial sum and a "co-insurance" payment. It is well known, and obvious, that these principles are a deterrent to abuse of potential insurance benefits. Does the editorialist propose to eliminate the deductible and co-insurance features? If not, what is the point? (People "who are flat broke" will of course continue to be helped as they have been: by private charity or public welfare.)

Perils of Statistics

Item. "The Federal Government will refuse to pay the anaesthesiologist. Presumably the old folks will take their surgery awake; or the anaesthesiologists will contribute their services. No one knows." But it is only the editorialist, dripping with sarcasm, who does not know. Certainly, under the institutional care plan, the Federal Government will not pay the anaesthesiologist—nor the surgeon nor internist. Their payment comes out of the doctors' care insurance plan, if the patient has joined it; from his pocket otherwise, or, if he is flat broke, on the usual staff or charity basis. But perhaps our editorialist

does not realize that in an accredited hospital the anaesthesiologist is a qualified M.D.?

Item. "Within a few years the social activities of the Federal Government will take more than 10 per cent of the average national payroll—that's off the top of the pile, you know: no deductions or exemptions." Any plausibility this sentence has depends on ambiguity. To get "more than 10 per cent of the national payroll," one must combine the Social Security payment by the employer with the deduction from the employee's wage. But to speak of "no deductions or exemptions," one must restrict the references to the employee's wage only—which gives a maximum deduction, after twelve years, of 5.65 per cent.

Item. "The old folks, whom the new law is designed to pleasure. . ." The editorialist should take a look at a few of the millions of "old folks" in hospitals, nursing homes, sick rooms and boarding houses, and reread that sick infinitive, "to pleasure."

Item. "That is, if the doctors haven't gone to some free country by then." What country, pray? If by "free country," *NR*'s editorialist means one without Medicare, the doctors are going to have to travel a long way. Every advanced nation in the world, whatever its political system, and most semi-advanced nations, have government medical plans, all more inclusive than this present U.S. plan, nearly all going far beyond it toward or to socialized medicine.

The problem of Medicare for the elderly is not a plot by Communists, Socialists, Fabians, Liberals or Supreme Court Justices. It arises ineluctably out of 1) the conditions of industrialized, mobile mass society, 2) the population explosion, 3) the progress of medical science in prolonging human life, thus creating a sharply higher proportion of elderly persons, and 4) the high cost of prolonged medical care. The urbanization

and mobility of our population—an average of about a fourth changing residence yearly—make it difficult to handle the problems of the elderly either within individual families or on a local community basis. These problems were not being well handled, while the macrocosmic affluence of our society has seemed to indicate that they could be at least much better handled. It is ridiculous to play with statistics pretending to prove that they were being adequately handled: if so, there would not have been the rising mass pressure that finally produced the bill.

Shadow and Reality

I share the conservative preference that these Medicare problems of the elderly (and most other problems) should be dealt with by private, voluntary and local initiative. I believe that ideally there were answers of that sort, better than this or any kind of central government operation. But we citizens did not give these potentially better answers.

We might as well get it through our heads that Medicare, good or bad, is here to stay. It's going to have trials and tribulations, and there will be changes made. But lots of citizens are going to like it: 99 per cent of elderly citizens, on a quick guess. Not a few doctors, too, will come to enjoy the assurance that bills are going to get paid. The intelligent approach to Medicare, now, is not to rant about the villainy of its sponsors, but to do what we can—as conservatives must normally do with innovations that have been not of their doing—to make it work as well as possible; to minimize inefficiency and graft; to maximize the role of the private doctors and private and local institutions; to make sure that future changes will retain—as, happily, this present bill does—the principle of voluntary choice of physician and hospital; to keep a critical eye on the program's fiscal health; to improve voluntary programs for below-65 citizens sufficiently to forestall universal extension of the governmental system. As a small step toward such ends, I hope *NR* will publish an objective account of just what this bill does provide and require, and how its provisions differ, where they do, from the Medicare programs of other major nations.

Social Responsibility: A Subversive Doctrine

Sooner or later, says the illustrious economist, the system of voluntary restraint "in the public interest" leads to controls, coercion, diminished freedom

MILTON FRIEDMAN

It is said that businessmen or labor leaders have a "social responsibility" that should take precedence over their "private" responsibility to themselves, or their stockholders, or the members of their unions. The most recent application of this doctrine is in President Johnson's message of February 10, 1965 on the balance of payments, when he proposed "voluntary" restraint by banks in making loans to foreign borrowers and by business concerns in making investments overseas.

This particular application, especially to banks, recalls the attempt of the Federal Reserve Board in 1928 and 1929 to restrain stock market speculation by appealing to banks to avoid loans for speculative purposes. The resulting dispute between the Board and the New York Federal Reserve Bank on the "qualitative" versus the "quantitative" approach to controlling speculation is an important episode in our monetary history, and it had far-reaching consequences. The balance of payments application recalls also the resort, both during and after World War II, to "moral" suasion on banks to restrict credit to "productive" uses and to refrain from loans that would contribute to inflation.

I cite these examples to illustrate that there has been experience with the doctrine under discussion and that there exists much historical evidence by which we can judge how it in fact operates.

LBJ Resorts to Exhortation

The first generalization suggested by experience is that the appeal to "social" responsibility or "voluntary" restraint has always occurred when the governmental agency which is responsible for the area of policy in question has been unable or unwilling to discharge its own responsibility.

The agency wants both to shift the blame and to give the appearance of doing something energetic; hence it denounces "irresponsible" private action and calls for "voluntary" restraint.

In our most recent example, President Johnson is understandably unwilling to take measures sufficiently strong to guarantee to offset or eliminate the payments deficit (selling our gold freely, governmental borrowing abroad, tighter money at home, raising tariffs or other restrictions on trade of which the extreme would be direct exchange controls, or changing exchange rates and abandoning a fixed price for gold either through a supposedly once-for-all devaluation or through letting exchange rates and the price of gold float). So he resorts to exhortation. If we weather the present difficulties without a major crisis, the exhortation will doubtless receive some credit. If we have a major crisis, the blame will appear clear.

A second generalization from experience is that the appeal to "social responsibility" has little effect, unless there is an iron fist in the velvet glove of appeals to voluntary restraint. The program either breaks down and is discarded, or it is replaced by a compulsory program—as voluntary price control in the United States in 1941 was replaced by legally imposed maximum price legislation in early 1942. The failure of truly voluntary programs is inevitable and has nothing to do with a lack of "patriotism" or social consciousness. Indeed, the doctrine of "social responsibility," if taken seriously, is a truly subversive doctrine in a free society. This can be seen in the kind of challenge it offers to a free society.

The most obvious problem it raises is a conflict of irresponsibilities. Consider a bank official urged now by

the President to turn down a foreign loan in the name of "social responsibility." Let us assume for the moment that his rejection of the loan does in fact serve some relevant social interest. He is still faced with a real moral conflict. As a salaried official he is an agent of his stockholders. If he rejects the loan, he reduces their incomes. In effect he violates his contractual agreement with them. He may argue that he is serving their longer-term interest by acting in such a way that the government is not constrained to impose compulsory control on loans (which would be worse), but that is only an evasion of the issue. The President's request has merely altered the private interest of the stockholder and hence of the bank official. The bank official is not accepting a new "social" responsibility. He continues to be guided by his former, "private" responsibility—but within new and narrower limitations.

Suppose the bank official does accept a "social" responsibility. Shall it be preemptive no matter what the cost to his stockholders? Or only if the cost is tolerable? And who decides what is "tolerable"?

Union Leader No Public Official

The labor union official exhorted by Washington to hold down wages as a contribution to preventing inflation has a similar problem. He clearly is responsible to his union members. Let us assume for the moment that it does serve some relevant social interest if wages rise less than is in the private interest of the workers. Should the union leader sacrifice their interest? He is not a public official. He was hired, or elected, by his men to represent them, not by the citizens at large to represent the public.

There are only two ways out of

this conflict. One is to appeal to the principal, not to the agent—appeal to the owners of the bank and the members of the union to instruct their agents, the banker and the union leader, to use a specified part of the potential income of the bank or of the potential wage of the workers for the social interest in question. At least each man is now being asked to spend his own money, not someone else's, for the social interest. This is in effect voluntary taxation, but in a form so obscure and roundabout that it would be very difficult to make it work.

A second way out of the conflict is for someone other than the agent or the principal to specify the precise content of the socially "responsible" action—which means in practice a government official or a governmentally created committee, which typically will be composed of representatives of the industry in question. In the wage case, the guideposts of the Council of Economic Advisers are intended to specify precisely what wage and price behavior is in the social interest—though I hasten to warn that the specification is far from unambiguous. In the balance of payments case, the President proposes that joint industry-government committees be formed and has asked Congress to exempt such committee actions from the anti-trust law (an obvious comment on the conflict between "social responsibility" and free competition). This, too, comes down to a system of voluntary taxation, but now the amount of the tax is determined by someone other than the agent or the principal.

Washington Must Dangle Carrot

Perhaps by now we can see why systems of voluntary restraint are seldom successful unless there lurks somewhere in the background, the coercive power of the state, either explicitly as when there are laws and penalties, or implicitly as when Washington brandishes the tax stick and the threat of anti-trust prosecution (steel, 1962) or when Washington offers the tax carrot (railroads, 1964). People are being asked to act against their self-interest. Even if we assume that most of them accept the "social responsibility," the case is not won. A few, less "responsible"



or more sophisticated, will reap fine profits from the opportunities made available to those who wish to flout, or who know how to refute, the doctrine of "social responsibility." Their fine profits will rankle in the hearts of the "socially responsible" who are expected to continue to sacrifice their own interest for a social purpose that is obviously not being met.

For the sake of the argument, however, let us assume that everyone, without exception, wishes to act in accordance with his "social responsibility." We still must face the problem: How can he know what behavior is "socially responsible"?

Consider the seemingly simple case of the foreign loan. Is it socially desirable to cut out all foreign loans completely? That cure would be worse than the disease. Then some foreign loans should and some should not be granted. How is our banker to know which is which? He knows tolerably well which loan will be best for the bank, but how is he to know which will be best for the balance of payments?

The President, or a Presidential committee, can fix a target. It might be a 20 per cent cut in foreign loans.

Twenty per cent of what? If it's 20 per cent of loans requested, then requests for loans will go up, and the payments problem remains untouched. If it's 20 per cent of some earlier amount of loans, then the formula is the typical backward-looking device that crops up, sooner or later, in every governmental program that is said to be progressive.

Even then we are not out of the woods. Which 20 per cent? Shall each bank decide for itself? If so, each bank cuts off the least profitable borrowers. Borrowers then compete with each other for the privilege of getting a loan, and the interest rate on foreign loans (assuming perfect voluntary compliance) goes up. The voluntary exercise of "social responsibility" has become a governmentally approved cartel to raise the price to foreign borrowers—which helps to explain why leading New York bankers were among those who developed the program and why so many banks heavily involved in foreign lending have been so favorably disposed towards it.

The only alternatives is for the government officials or the private committee to decide which loans to eliminate. But they have no criteria that

individual banks do not have. Those loans that will be used to buy U.S. goods and services appear at first glance to do the least harm to our payments position. But foreign borrowers can very easily make arrangements to juggle their purchases or connive with other foreign purchasers to make it appear that said loan to X is actually being used by X to buy goods in the U.S. Other stratagems, such as U.S. firms acting as intermediaries, can be dreamt up. There is no simple way to prescribe the social interest, and the record is full of case histories to the point.

Almost without exception, appeals to "social responsibility" arise from an unwillingness to let the price system work. But no one has yet invented or discovered a substitute for the price system in coordinating the activities of millions of people without central control. Because the price system works impersonally, automatically, continuously, and quietly, because it has no press agents, there is a tendency when all goes well to take it for granted and to forget that a function is being performed by it. Almost without exception, however, attempts to replace the price system, or to prevent it from working, have ended in chaos.

Let us move to the final stage of the argument. Let us assume that there is complete and perfect voluntary compliance with the rules of "social responsibility," and that every-

one knows precisely what those rules say and mean. The deepest problem now comes to light. It is the political problem. It is entirely proper that stockholders be permitted to choose who shall manage their capital and that workers be permitted to choose who shall represent them. But if the business men are imposing sacrifices on their stockholders, and the union leaders are imposing lower wages on their members, all in the name of the "social interest," this method of selection is no longer proper. Either the principals will in time discharge their agents, selecting new ones who will give primacy to the private interest, and the doctrine of social responsibility goes by the board; or else, if the doctrine is retained, if the business men and labor leaders are to act as "public" servants rather than as the agents of stockholders or of union members, they will come to be selected through an explicitly political process. The political mechanism, not the market and voluntary contract, will circumscribe their powers and control their exercise of them. That is why, ultimately, the doctrine of "social responsibility" in the form it has come to take is subversive of a free society and a stepping stone to socialism.

Solution Old As Adam Smith

The way out of the apparent dilemma is as old as Adam Smith's invisible hand. There is no natural

harmony between social and private interest—Mandeville and Bastiat to the contrary notwithstanding. But it is possible for an economic, social, and moral framework to exist within which "every individual," as Adam Smith wrote, "generally neither intends to promote the public interest, nor knows how much he is promoting it. . . . He intends only his own gain, and he is in this, as in many other cases, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was no part of his intention. Nor is it always the worse for the society that it was no part of his intention. By pursuing his own interest he frequently promotes that of society more effectually than when he really intends to promote it."

Let me allay a possible misgiving. "Private interests" are not to be taken to coincide with "narrow, material, selfish interests." The man who devotes his life to religious evangelism under a vow of poverty is pursuing his private interests no less than the man who accumulates money with an eye to wine, women, and song. The pursuit of "private interests" has built churches, universities, research institutions, hospitals, museums—and, yes, movie theaters, beach resorts, athletic stadiums, and the myriads of cars with and without tailfins.

By contrast, said Adam Smith: "I have never known much good done by those who affected to trade for the public good."

Letter from London

Exit Home, Enter Heath

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

"Are you satisfied now?" I asked a Tory modernizer after Ted Heath had been elected as the Party's new leader. "Completely," he replied. And the Socialists I met that afternoon were profoundly depressed. There is almost universal agreement that the change of leadership has improved the Conservatives' electoral chances.

Mr. Heath, we were proudly told, is the first Tory leader ever to have been elected democratically. Because

the Party was anxious to get a quick clean result, and the defeated candidates, immediately after the first ballot, expressed their willingness to serve under Heath, the system worked well, producing unity rather than division, reconciliation rather than bitterness. But such a happy effect is by no means guaranteed. I cannot subscribe to the unqualified praise which the new system has received. I preferred the old, informal

method, the "customary processes of consultation" from which a leader "emerged." It was, in a sense, more democratic, because it took into account the wishes not only of Tory Members of Parliament but of Tory Peers, elder statesmen and Party workers throughout the country. It allowed prudent dispositions behind the scenes: and, because there was no open contest and therefore no manifest loser, factionalism was reduced to a minimum. And it generally produced the best answer.

I still think that Alec Home was the best answer last time. By shoehorning him in, Mr. Macmillan saved us permanently from the ambiguous left-inclined Rab Butler, Britain's equivalent of Nelson Rockefeller. And Home did a good job. Under his

leadership the Conservative Party revived from the nadir of its fortunes and came within a hair of winning the election. He was not, perhaps, ruthless enough or publicity-conscious enough in opposition. He was too obviously a gentleman, not a politician. I had hoped, however, that these short-term weaknesses would prove ultimately advantageous when the electors compared him with Harold Wilson, who is so obviously a politician and not a gentleman.

But the modernizers, the disgruntled Butler-supporters, the "new men" of the Tory Party, wouldn't let him alone. They sniped and carped and conspired, until in the end, sickened by their disloyalty and seeing in his own abdication the only hope of reuniting the Party, he resigned. He stepped down unselfishly and with great dignity, and many people were ashamed.

In the circumstances, he was doubtless right to go: and, mass electorates being what they are, his critics may even have been right to want him to go. But if so—if there is really no place for gentlemen in Mr. Wilson's brave new political world—this is one more instance of the harm Harold Wilson has done to the standards of British public life.

Edward Heath, like Wilson, is essentially a professional politician. Like Wilson's, his origins are lower-middle-class; he still cannot get his vowel sounds quite right. Like Wilson, he is a technocrat and an economist. He lives in Albany, London's smartest bachelor chambers. After attending an undistinguished Grammar School, he was at Balliol College, Oxford; which was Mr. Macmillan's college, and James Burnham's, and Frank Meyer's, and mine.

Of the principal candidates he was probably the best choice now. Alec Home, just because he was a 14th Earl, had to lean over backwards to show that he wasn't reactionary; he committed the Party to soaring public expenditure. Ted Heath is a relatively firm anti-collectivist.

And the hope is that he will prove a match for Harold Wilson in those rough and dirty political games which Mr. Wilson finds congenial but for which Alec Home was suited neither by background nor by inclination.

Battling with Wilson and getting the Socialists out is, after all, the

overridingly important task. How important can scarcely be exaggerated.

"Don't Blame Me—I Voted Conservative" say the car stickers. I am appalled to remember the frivolity with which a group of floating voters, middle-class rather than proletarian, doomed us last November to a Labor government. What has happened since ought not have surprised anyone. It was predictable and predicted, except that it has been worse than even I anticipated.

The plunge into economic disaster, which the Socialists precipitated by their own behavior during the election campaign, has gone deeper and deeper. There have been, in effect, three budgets in nine months, each piling on new taxes, new restrictions. Share prices drift lower every day. The pound is under continuous pressure and may still have to be devalued. Inflation has speeded up to a rate of over 7 per cent.

Wilson's Followers Irresponsible

With its head barely above water, the Government has been thrashing about wildly, giving away free medicines with one hand and inflicting a dozen new imposts with the other. Surrounded by broken promises and blatant contradictions, Mr. Wilson himself makes truculent speeches blaming the Tories and invoking the "Dunkirk spirit." The incompetence of his followers is matched only by their ill manners and irresponsible behavior. They lose no opportunity of insulting their opponents, gloating over their victims and appealing to class envy. As a reward, they naively expected the cooperation of the trade unions in modifying wage claims and increasing productivity: but of this *quid pro quo* there has been not the slightest sign. Gloom, resentful self-seeking and gracelessness everywhere prevail. Nobody at all has benefited from Labor's victory: many people have suffered badly.

On one thing Mr. Wilson does deserve modified congratulation. He has stood firm in the confrontation with Indonesia and in formal support of America's role in Vietnam. But the left wing of his own party—sixty or so strong in Parliament—is yapping at his heels. The abortive Commonwealth Mission and the ludicrous visit

of Mr. Davies to Hanoi were, at least in part, designed to placate these dissenters. Nothing was achieved except the raising of new doubts about Britain's reliability as an ally. Meanwhile, the Government is committed to a steady rundown of defense expenditure, and the left-wingers are complaining that the proposed cuts are not nearly drastic enough.

Few ostensibly respectable Governments can ever have made so disastrous a beginning or faced a more comfortless future. The incorrigibly Liberal pundits of the BBC, and the London correspondents of certain American papers—*Time*, for example—continue to underplay the *débâcle*. But the Press as a whole is thoroughly disillusioned. Many journalists who were anti-Tory and mildly pro-Labor before the election have taken a sharp turn to the right; so much so that the Socialists are crying "Conspiracy!"

The public opinion polls have shown declining support of Labor but no positive move yet toward the Conservatives; a situation which the modernizing Tories blamed on Home.

Mr. Wilson, his arrogance undimmed, obviously retains a powerful hold on a lot of voters. Despite his slender majority, he hopes to ride out the storm and emerge next spring, with the nation's difficulties triumphantly overcome, into a new mood of prosperity and restored electoral confidence. It could happen; the floating voters are still quite open to recapture. But I doubt if it will. All the signs suggest that Britain's economic plight will worsen, rather than improve, during the next few months, and the consequences are going to be very unpopular. The bookies are now giving odds that the next government will be Conservative.

While the odds are against him, Mr. Wilson won't have an election if he can help it: and Mr. Heath, however tough, has no real means of forcing one. But circumstances and the Socialists' own folly may achieve what the Conservatives cannot. For all the Tory Party's failings, I earnestly hope so. To see Harold Wilson moving out of Downing Street and Ted Heath moving in would be like waking from a nightmare. The morning which followed might be bleak and disappointing but it would be infinitely preferable.

The Open Question

Lincoln Without Rhetoric

FRANK S. MEYER

SOMETIMES there are judgments at which one arrives that one hesitates to state publicly, out of respect for deeply held beliefs and prejudices. I have over a number of years come to think that the general admiration for Abraham Lincoln is ill founded. Particularly recently, in the course of work I have been doing on a book on American history, it has been borne in upon me more and more that his pivotal role in our history was essentially negative to the genius and freedom of our country.



Meyer

It would undoubtedly have been wisest all around had I delayed any public expression of this judgment until I could fully state the reasons for it in my forthcoming book; but an excellent study of Lincoln's repressive measures during the Civil War, *Freedom Under Lincoln*, by Dean Sprague, crossed my desk and I gave it a brief review (NR, June 15, 1965), in which I expressed skepticism of the accepted attitude toward Lincoln. A few weeks later, in the issue of July 27, a Letter to the Editor took me severely to task. Further, the letter was sharply seconded by my colleague and friend, Mr. William F. Buckley Jr. Under these circumstances I cannot in candor do less than set down here some of the considerations on which I base my judgment.

The issue is not really the one my critics raise: whether Lincoln was or was not a humanitarian. So far as this is concerned, suffice it to say that against Lincoln's magnificent language and his personal acts of individual kindness there must be placed in the balance the harshness of his repressive policies and his responsibility for methods of waging war

approaching the horror of total war.

Granted that Lincoln was a complex person, that his well-known spells of depression and his self-searching, combined with his undoubted personal charity, display a man complex in the extreme. I do not pretend to judge Lincoln as a person; to so judge any man borders on impiety. But men who live by politics in the forefront of history can and will be judged politically and historically.

SUCH A judgment of Lincoln requires an evaluation of the role he played in our history. That history is the history of the exalted attempt, through the Constitution in its original form, to establish for the first time in human experience political mechanisms to guarantee the liberty of the individual person by limiting the power of government. Essential to this constitutional concept was the establishment of what has usually been called "checks and balances," but is more accurately designated as the setting up of a state of tension between all the political centers of power so that effective final power rests in none of them. Confounding almost every school of political theory, the American Constitution rested sovereignty nowhere (unless it were in every individual citizen), by establishing such a state of tension that no political body in the constitutional structure could accrete to itself sovereign power.

At the very center of this structure of tension was the tension between the several states and the national government. Until the Civil War no one knew whether a state could secede as its last sanction, and this was of the utmost necessity if the Federal Government were not to grow so strong as to destroy the tension that guaranteed liberty.

In 1860 the question was truly raised whether a "nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure." It remained to Lincoln

vigorously to attack that conception and that dedication. It is true that others, in the South as in the North, were as determined as he to shatter the subtle tension of state and national powers. But he alone had the power to reaffirm the constitutional balance. Instead, under the spurious slogan of Union, he moved at every point (no matter that he would have preferred to achieve his ends without war; so would every ideologue) to consolidate central power and render nugatory the autonomy of the states.

IT IS ON his shoulders that the responsibility for war must be placed. Had he been less the ideologue, he could have let the seven states which seceded before Sumter go, and thus hold Virginia (the key to future unity) and the others in the Union, relying upon the passage of time, the congruity of natural interest, and the exercise of statesmanship to reunite the federal structure.

Nor, once battle was engaged, did Lincoln wage the war in a manner calculated to bring about the conditions of reconciliation. He waged it to win *at any cost*—and by winning he meant the permanent destruction of the autonomy of the states. We all know his gentle words, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," but his actions belie his rhetoric.

Total war is war conducted to achieve victory neglecting every other moral end. It is least excusable, moreover, in a war between brothers. Nevertheless this was Lincoln's pattern of war leadership: in the North, a repressive dictatorship; against the South, the brutal meat-grinder tactics of "Unconditional Surrender" Grant and the brigand campaigns waged against civilians by Sherman; in war aims, no effort at reconciliation, only the complete triumph of central government.

Were it not for the wounds that Lincoln inflicted upon the Constitution, it would have been infinitely more difficult for Franklin Roosevelt to carry through his revolution, for the coercive welfare state to come into being and bring about the conditions against which we are fighting today. Lincoln, I would maintain, undermined the constitutional safeguards of freedom as he opened the way to centralized government with all its attendant political evils.

I've Been Working on the Doorbells

To jeering Johnson fans last Nov. 4, the author made this crushing rejoinder: "I'm sure the Senator would rather lose with good principles than win with crummy ones."

DAVID C. JOHNSTON

I am a fourteen-year-old boy. Among other things, I am a Goldwater supporter. I worked hard to see the Senator's election, but I was never able to, nor was anyone else.

Let us reconstruct the first week of September 1964. One week was remaining until school would start for the new year. I had decided to be a conservative Republican the day after the Senator's nomination. I had always been and will always be a Republican. It was on this day, a Tuesday, that I had received my campaign materials from the Republican Headquarters in Stockton, California.

The package consisted of five Goldwater buttons, two "Viva Barry," seven "Goldwater '64," and one "Democrats for Goldwater" bumper stickers.

I immediately put a "Viva Barry" sticker on my binder and attached a Goldwater button to my shirt. Since my mother is a Goldwater-hating Democrat (aren't all Liberals?) I could not go near her with my Goldwater button or I would have been disciplined. Since she didn't see my binder, I was safe in that respect.

When school started, two of my best friends, who wish only to be known as Jimmy and George, agreed to take on the difficult task of assisting my campaign for the Senator.

I gave them each a Goldwater button and to Jimmy I gave a "Gold-

water '64" sticker to put on his lawn mower. That afternoon, he did so. As soon as his father saw it, he told him to remove it. Since he followed the Ten Commandments, he did so. His father did not own the lawn mower. Jimmy had been making the payments on it and had been cutting the neighborhood lawns with it. It belonged to him, and not to his father.

I gave George a "Democrats for Goldwater" sticker, which he quickly attached to his binder. (He was then a Democrat, but I have since converted him.) Since his mother would not let him take anything home in connection with Goldwater, his binder had to stay at school. Still owing allegiance to the former Senator, he still has not taken the sticker off and has not taken his binder home a single time this year.

Since all of our parents are Johnson-supporting Democrats we, of course, were considered renegades and were teased considerably, especially after the Senator's defeat.

The Goldwater pins, naturally, caused a great deal of commotion around the school. The majority of the students supported Johnson. When we asked them why, most would answer, "Because our parents do." So naturally, our pins were frequently torn off and flattened.

The disrespect for our pins, which were, after all, our private property, did not discourage us; it made us

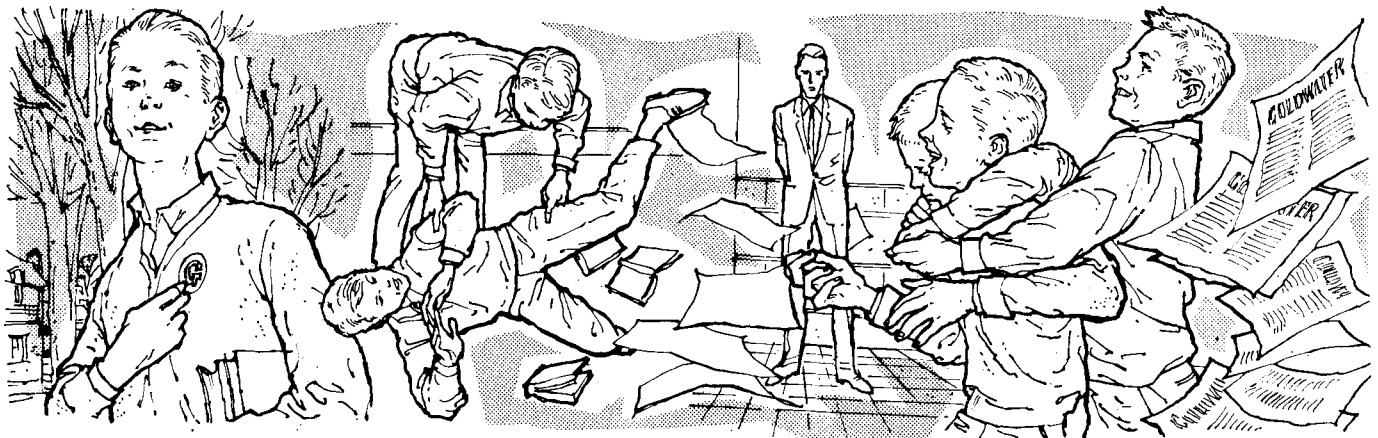
even stronger Goldwater supporters. As one boy said, "David regrets that he has but one hundred pins to give to his Goldwater!"

After school had been in session for a few weeks, a Republican Headquarters was opened in the town in which we went to school. One day we asked a teacher who wants to be known only as Mr. K. if we might go to the Republican Headquarters during the noon hour.

He said that although he didn't like Goldwater, he admired our interest in the campaign and would therefore let us go.

Since that was the first day it was open, they had some cakes there. We each had a few pieces. We then picked out about fifty Goldwater-Miller buttons, a like amount of Goldwater-Miller bumper stickers, and some books such as *None Dare Call It Treason*, by John A. Stormer. We also ordered some large pictures of Goldwater with a caption underneath which said, "In your heart, you know he's right, Vote for Barry Goldwater." These came a week later at which time we hung them up in our classroom.

We entered the schoolgrounds with great caution. We went into the office and waited there safely until the bell rang and everyone else was in their classrooms. Then we went to our room. We followed this procedure for the rest of our expeditions.



Mr. K., who gave us permission to go whenever we wanted, as I mentioned before, had not supported Goldwater. But after we gave him some books and pamphlets on our candidate, he did support Goldwater, and on November 3, he voted for him.

The next morning at recess, three big boys, all Johnson supporters, started chasing us. We ran into the hall and kept running until a teacher, whom I shall not mention, stopped us. Our pursuers kept coming at us.

This teacher as they were ripping off our Goldwater pins and tearing our shirt buttons and pockets off was standing there watching. I cannot remember for sure whether they kicked us or not, so I shall not include that. We asked him to tell them to stop, but he replied to this effect:

"It serves you right!"

They finally quit and we returned to the playground. George, a frequent user of profanity, muttered a few of his favorite words. Then the bell rang.

By this time, we had a campaign going in our room. I, along with George and Jimmy as my assistants, was Goldwater's manager and Mike and Paul were Johnson's managers. I was also class president.

Our campaign materials consisted of the things previously mentioned and posters which we made ourselves. Some of the posters said things such as, "BMG equals Better Managed Government" and, "Socialist or Republican, Which Are You?"

We financed our campaign through donations of money, half of which we sent to Barry Goldwater's campaign fund and the other half of which we used to buy Goldwater '64 bubble gum cigars which we distributed throughout the school.

The cigars made us mad one time. We had seen bubble gum cigars which said "All the Way with LBJ" on them, but we had never seen any

with something about Goldwater on them. We went to the dime store and looked under the box of Johnson ones, and sure enough, there were the Goldwater ones. We argued for a while with the owner of the store about equal space for the candidates. He couldn't do anything about it since we bought all of the Goldwater ones that day.

Halloween was something I had been thinking about for a long time. I finally decided to give out Goldwater books and pamphlets in exchange for the candy which I collected. This I did. On October 31, I had over five hundred pieces of literature.

I gave most of it out and still have the rest in the bottom drawer of my dresser. At one house an old lady who was probably on Social Security came to the door.

I said, "Trick or treat?" and she handed me a candy bar.

I then gave her some things about Goldwater and she took them.

"Do you like Goldwater?" she inquired.

I replied, "Yes," and she gave me three more candy bars and said, "So do I. So do I."

The day before the election, I gave out Goldwater literature to all of the teachers at the school and the workers who worked there.

On election day, our class voted. Senator Barry Morris Goldwater defeated President Lyndon Baines Johnson by a vote of fifteen to fourteen, respectively. We also voted on everything else on the ballot including the propositions.

Election night was awful. I had predicted that Goldwater would carry all of the South except possibly Texas, all of the West except Hawaii, Nevada and California, and all the Midwest except Michigan. He didn't.

I stayed up until I had to go to bed.

Then I planned my defeat statement, which I would tell to all victorious Johnson supporters.

The next morning, I followed the usual routine, and as soon as I left the house, I put on my Goldwater pin. Someone saw it.

He said, "I thought you said Goldwater was going to win."

I responded to his remark and all others like it by saying, "I would and I'm sure Senator Goldwater would also rather lose with good principles than win with crummy ones."

On January 2, 1965, I decided to write a letter to Barry Goldwater. I told him most of the things which I have written here. I waited and waited for a reply and in March I gave up all hope of ever receiving one. But on May 7, after four months and five days of waiting, I received my reply. It was from Barry Goldwater. It said:

"Dear Mr. Johnston:

"One of the nicest things that has happened to me has been the receipt of many letters from young people like yourself. It is in you that lies the destiny and hope for this country. From the letters I read, I have gained much respect and confidence in your generation. I strongly believe that through you the current trend toward socialism in the United States will be curbed and we will return to the conservative principles upon which our country was founded. As long as you take an active interest in government and politics America's future will be bright and promising.

"Thank you for writing me. Your interest in my efforts and in this country means much to me.

Sincerely,
Barry Goldwater."

If you were to look in the bottom drawer of my dresser, you would find my most cherished possession, that same letter from Goldwater.



Reprieve for Nasser

GILBERT COMTE

President Johnson's recent decision to restore U.S. surplus food shipments to Egypt came at a particularly critical period for the Nasser regime. Just eight days earlier, in the face of an enormous budgetary deficit, the Egyptian Government had announced that it would henceforth withhold a half-day's wages from the monthly paycheck of its employees. In a country that has been following the socialist path for the past eight years this ruling affects 80 per cent of the working force. Even under competent leadership, Egypt would be in trouble. Her farmers, restricted to the fertile Delta and the valley of the Nile—that is, to approximately 3 per cent of Egypt's total territory—find it almost impossible to feed a population of 28 million that grows by 600,000 mouths a year. Until last November, when the tap was turned off, the United States was pumping 50 million Egyptian pounds worth of wheat, poultry and meat into Egypt. Then the United States, angered at Nasser's continued military and political support of the Congo rebels, announced it would not renew the surplus food agreement.

Nasser's reply was typical, but hardly politic. In a major speech at Port Said on December 23, the Egyptian dictator proclaimed: "We consider Tshombe to be nothing but an agent of imperialism, a servile agent of American and Belgian interests in the Congo. We can't permit such a person to succeed in Africa. He must fall. . . I say now that we have sent arms to the Congo—and we will send in more. . . ."

Then he enumerated a long list of foods which his compatriots should give up in the interests of the revolution. From January 1 on, Egyptians ate meat only four days a week. In March, when their reserves of grain ran out, they began asking themselves what they would be eating come summer. By April, it had become imperative to buy more food abroad, which brought about the raid on sal-

aries. Catastrophe was facing Nasser when the United States obligingly stepped in and took him off the hook.

President Johnson's decision tends to bear out one of Nasser's fundamental beliefs, which is that "foreign aid is part of the obligation the developed nations owe to the underdeveloped." This is written into the Charter of the United Arab Republic and Nasser has phrased it thus: "To furnish aid is not an optional duty of the developed countries. On the contrary, it is a tax which the countries with a colonial past are obligated to pay to those countries which they long exploited." To a regime that uses the terms "colonialist" and "imperialist" interchangeably, such a program is automatically applied to the United States. When America furnishes food to Egypt, Egyptians, far from being grateful, feel that she is paying what she owes.

'65 Bad for Nasser

The year 1965 has been a singularly bad one for Nasser. Despite his every effort, Tshombe, whom he hates, remains in power in Léopoldville. Worst still, his good friend and revolutionary companion Ben Bella has been deposed in Algeria. In Yemen, he sinks deeper week by week in an expensive and apparently unwinnable war. In his public addresses, he still eulogizes the "glorious, civilizing and humane role Egyptian forces have played in Yemen." But in Cairo, no one at this point believes those forces have a chance of winning a clear-cut victory. Egyptians are beginning to doubt even that they will be able to find the formula for an honorable retreat from that hornets' nest. The setback in Yemen caps one of the most extraordinary errors in judgment in Colonel Nasser's career.

The affair started in the best Nasserian revolutionary tradition. In November 1962, a handful of officers—properly democratic and progressive—opened artillery fire on the

Palace of Iman El Badr, at Saana. A few hours later, Colonel Sallal, chief of the mutineers, announced "the tyrant" had died "in the ruins of his feudal castle." Once again the events were bearing out the imperatives of history, as history is understood by Abdel Gamal Nasser. A reactionary, anti-progressive dynasty had been crushed by a handful of heroic rebels. Wasn't the ease with which the coup had been carried out evidence in and of itself of the decadence of the reigning house? What had happened in Cairo in 1952 and in Baghdad in 1958, was now being repeated in Saana. Nasser immediately extended diplomatic recognition to Sallal, whom he considered a friend.

Alas, the Yemen of 1962 resembled neither the Egypt of 1952 nor the Iraq of Nuri Said, and the Iman was no Farouk. Emerging very much alive from the ruins of his feudal palace, he took to the hills and called on his loyal subjects. The Yemeni delegates to the United Nations—all princes of the reigning family—did something unique in UN annals. They left their air-conditioned offices and plush apartments and took to the field to help direct the guerrilla forces of the Iman in a war of raids and ambushes. One month after the revolution, the new government of Yemen found itself more or less blockaded in its capital by the marauding royalists. It hasn't ventured far out since.

Nasser took all of this as a personal affront. Still stunned by the secession of Syria from the United Arab Republic, he now found himself faced with a second "conservative" victory in the Middle East. He dispatched his army to Yemen. But thirty months of exhausting operations have brought only disaster to the Egyptian expeditionary forces, with a casualty list of 7,000 dead and 25,000 wounded. For the first time in eight years, a guerrilla war is being directed against the Left, and Nasser has found it impossible to adjust to what is truly a revolutionary situation.

It is obvious that Nasser should pull out of Yemen. But he can't afford to lose face internationally or at home. So the costly and murderous operation drags on, aided in part by the resumption of U.S. food shipments. The United States, more accommodating than the Iman, has given Nasser a few additional months' grace.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Collectivizing the Hospital

Medical attention and hospital care, on the face of things, are intensely personal. One might expect that the mass age's passion for centralization and consolidation would affect the realm of medicine, therefore, only in the later stages of collectivism. But let me inform you, gentle reader, that American hospitals are in clear and present danger of falling under the total domination of bureaucracy and depersonalization. Many local, voluntary, and charitable hospitals will be abolished within the next twelve months—yes, as rapidly as all that—if no more effective opposition is roused.



Kirk

Your servant became clearly aware of this movement toward what Dr. Wilhelm Roepke calls "the cult of the colossal" in hospitals only after he and his wife had undertaken a fund-raising drive for our local charitable hospital, Mecosta Memorial. This useful institution, serving a large rural area where most people have low incomes, is staffed by able doctors, is better equipped than many small hospitals, and is enthusiastically supported by the rural and village population round about. But it is under pressure from the Michigan department of health to improve and enlarge its physical facilities—or face the loss of its authorization to accept public-welfare and Blue Cross patients (without which categories of patients, many hospitals cannot exist at all). Looking about for the money, we discovered that strong demand is being exerted by federal officials, state agencies, certain large hospital associations, and certain large-scale civic charities, to compel the consolidation of hospitals into a few gigantic institutions.

The present general term for this movement—which often has ideological motives underlying it—is "area-wide hospital controls," or "areawide hospital planning." Its chief promoters are gentlemen like Dr. Michael De-Bakey, the Houston surgeon very friendly with Mr. Lyndon Johnson, who would like to establish vast Federal Government medical centers, centralize serious medical treatment in a few big hospitals, reduce most hospitals to "community centers for diagnosis and emergency medical care," and abolish large numbers of hospitals altogether. This scheme—staunchly opposed by the American Medical Association—was brought forward as early as 1910, but has made great strides only recently. New York and Michigan are the states where the arbitrary consolidation proceeds most rapidly.

Centralizers Warming Up

Since the autumn of 1964, New York has had compulsory area-hospital planning, under the Metcalf-McCloskey Act. Already the centralizers are applying the screws. A few weeks ago, the Hospital and Planning Council of Southern New York decreed the closing of St. Francis Hospital in the Bronx, a genuinely charitable institution operated for a hundred years by the Franciscan Sisters of the Poor. It is a fairly big hospital, with 380 beds and 800 employees, treating 75,000 people—mostly of Puerto Rican origin—annually. But the Area Planners frown upon St. Francis, and so St. Francis must go. (One suspects that hospitals conducted by religious orders may have a harder and harder time with the public health bureaucracy and the zealots for various forms of state medicine.)

In Michigan, Anderson Memorial Hospital has been sentenced to death—despite its good situation and its modern equipment—by the Greater

Detroit Area Hospital Council and the Blue Cross. In theory, it competes with other hospitals longer entrenched—so down the drain it goes. It is the curious argument of the hospital centralizers that we have a surplus of hospital beds in these United States—a contention popular with some of the very people who talk with alarm of the "population explosion"! And some of the centralizers, who applaud every proposal for larger expenditures from the federal treasury, nevertheless argue that this affluent society is unable to afford, any longer, the luxury of small hospitals on a humane scale.

If moderate-sized local hospitals are abolished—except that some may survive as "emergency care centers"—then the general practitioner will be forced to the wall. Already, some big hospitals are refusing to let any doctors except specialists practice on their premises. With the decline of the general practitioner, we may expect to see the decay of local medical attention outside the hospital, which has afflicted Soviet Russia for more than a generation, and which now plagues British medicine.

If sound medical practice were merely a matter of applying techniques to human units, there might, conceivably, be something in the centralizers' theory. But medicine is much more than the standard utilization of the latest scientific devices. Personal relationship with, and confidence in, the physician is a major part of successful treatment. Hospitalization in fairly familiar surroundings, in a hospital that is not merely an enormous, well-scrubbed barracks, is another factor contributory to recovery of health.

So, friends, if legislation to establish compulsory planning of this sort is introduced in your state, set your face against it. (At the recent session of the Michigan legislature, a "sleep-er" bill was introduced which would have given central state authorities arbitrary power to grant or revoke all hospital franchises; happily it failed to pass.) And do everything in your power to maintain voluntary hospitals, local and on a humane scale, by your money and your countenance. In the long run, a collectivist medical system would produce collective disorders.

Don't miss the book *National Review* calls
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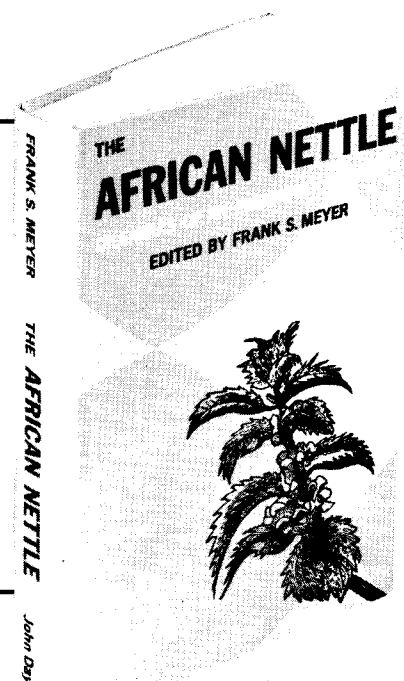
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Ugly Is As Ugly Does

M. STANTON EVANS

For those who think the Cold War is irrevocably lost, or that the Communists are diabolical geniuses who never make mistakes, Victor Lasky's new book will provide a healthy injection of optimism. The message of *The Ugly Russian* is that, contrary to Eastern bravado and Western confession, the Communists are not ten feet tall. In their strenuous effort to seduce, subvert, and intimidate the non-Communist world, they have suffered reverses quite as spectacular, and as ludicrous, as those afflicting our own program of moral uplift and material philanthropy.

In the opening sections of his book, Lasky recounts Soviet failures in promoting "aid" and trade missions to numerous African and Asian countries. It is a story of fumbling, confusion, and strained relations which should go far to dispel the illusion that Communists are men of superhuman cunning. That discovery should help exorcise the defeatism so common to the councils of the West, sometimes as noticeably among conservatives as among Liberals.

As Lasky tells the story, Moscow's disappointments in the field of aiding and trading stem from three causes: (1) bad planning and ideological rigidity on the part of the Communists; (2) technological breakdown of the Kremlin-supplied equipment which is supposed to seal the covenant

machines in question are earth-movers.) They also supplied Conakry with one million screwdrivers—one for every three inhabitants of the country, a sawmill which cannot be transported on Guinea's impassable roads, a printing plant for which there is little or no business, a 25,000-seat stadium begun in 1961 and as yet unfinished, and a hotel devoid of cutlery, linen and kitchen equipment.

Technological failure has been even more spectacular than the Soviet habit of creating a supply where there is no demand. The Soviets, for example, built a Conakry radio transmitter on a mountain which blocks out the signal, installed a city-wide loud-speaker system which seldom works, supplied Guineans with automobiles whose axles and motors could not negotiate the country's roads, provided 103 buses which suffered chronic breakdowns, and conferred upon their African brothers a shipment of accident-prone Ilyushin airplanes.

The third category of Soviet default—the failure of collectivism—goes far to explain the first two. Shipping things where they aren't needed is a classic instance of bureaucratic per-

formance observable in almost any government program anywhere in the world. Technological misfires and shoddy workmanship are also generic traits of collectivist systems. It is Communism's inability to match up supply and demand, its futile effort to replace the market price mechanism with the guesswork of government officials, which prevents the Kremlin from delivering the right goods to the right places at the right cost.

Collectivism has also worked an important debilitating influence on the other side of the transaction. Lasky notes the Soviets' counter-complaint that Guineans—and other underdeveloped peoples—don't know how to use the equipment sent to them, or to benefit from the projects encouraged by Communist assistance. That rebuttal is no doubt true—but it does not mitigate the indictment of collectivism. For Guinea, too, set out to organize its economy on Marxist lines, only to discover the dream

The Ugly Russian, by Victor Lasky.
Trident. \$4.95

of friendship; and (3) failure of Communist-backed "planning" to bring the anticipated surge of prosperity to underdeveloped nations. He provides numerous instances of all three, in Egypt, Guinea, and the Congo, Indonesia and Burma and India. The case of Guinea, where Soviet blunders have been most conspicuous, will serve as illustration.

Guinea was supposed to be Communism's African beachhead—but somehow, fortunately, it hasn't worked out that way. That result must in large part be laid to the account of Soviet blundering, which apparently holds its own against anything American aid technicians have been able to devise. We may have sent ice-boxes to Eskimos, but the Kremlin—according to irate Guineans—actually sent snow plows to the tropics. (The Soviets retort that the



of instant progress through state planning was impossible. "After years of Marxist guidance," Lasky notes, "Guinea's economy was near collapse."

IN VIEW of the foregoing, it would seem logical to conclude that Moscow is losing the battle for global supremacy, and losing it badly. Yet the remaining sections of Lasky's book—a sort of geopolitical survey of the Cold War generally, create a different impression. Despite its fumbling and its built-in handicaps, Communism is making headway. There are, to be

sure, bright spots for the West—the Congo, for the present at least, foremost among them. But when we are called upon to rejoice that Jomo Kenyatta is still hanging on in Kenya, or that Tanzania is not totally inert in its submission to Moscow and Peking, we are entitled to reflect that our blessings are of a very modest sort. The Communists make mistakes, but they are ahead of us and show signs of staying there.

For one thing, they single-mindedly seek out elements favorable to their cause, work to bring them to power, and back them energetically once installed. Our own program seems to consist of watching the procedure from a comfortable distance, then hoping these Communist-backed regimes will fall out with their sponsors. That such family quarrels do on occasion develop is fortunate for us, but small reason for believing Mos-

cow will lose the struggle for the world.

Equally distressing, we do not make use of our own powerful advantages, particularly in matters of economic and commercial enterprise. Although the lesson of Moscow's aid failure is clearly that collectivism cannot generate prosperity, and although the United States is supposedly the world's foremost exemplar of free enterprise, we have been quite as energetic in pressing for top-down economic planning among the recipients of our aid as have the Communists. We thus steer our assistance programs away from the successful genius of our own system toward the very failures which plague our opposition. The Communists, in short, are not supermen. But they will continue to pass for such so long as America's unwillingness to back its friends and exploit its advantages makes them look that way by comparison.

teries, in which a wife worth her salt scissors a dull husband to shreds and feeds him to the Borzoi, and the whole neighborhood enjoys it all for weeks. And you can count on the novelist to point out the torn leaf of a geranium, and put you in the company of a few respectable policemen, an eccentric coroner, and some minor folk of character and snap. Mr. Sheed hates everybody, which is all very well, provided one has a principle to whack about with, or a point to shoo home, for our edification. No; the world stinks. Let us be tart, short, sarcastic, and hold our noses. One would hope that so disgruntled an observer might not keep up his cackle for 309 pages, but boredom invariably seems to fascinate its generator. To make it worse still, this is the third such novel by Mr. Sheed, and we hope that the lost of Connecticut read them and spruce themselves up a bit.

Fiction

Two Straw Men and Gogol's Ghost

GUY DAVENPORT

THE TITLE of Wilfrid Sheed's third novel leads us to believe that the Square has somewhere to go, upward, perhaps, like the Pilgrim, or downward, like the Rake. No such luck: the Square, oddly enough, moves in

Square's Progress, by Wilfrid Sheed. Farrar, \$4.95

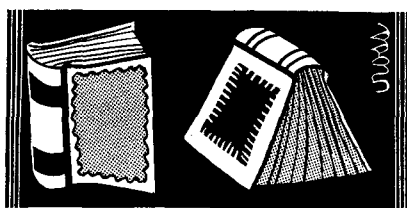
Amazing Grace, by Robert Drake. Chilton Books, \$3.95

The Makepeace Experiment, by Abraham Tertz. Pantheon, \$3.95

circles of the lost, vicious, and Connecticut variety. Mr. Sheed understands a Square to be one of the quietly desperate who has not mastered the rules of a fashionable game known to the wife as Culture or to certain professional manipulators as Being With It. To tag humanity as Square or Hip, Out or In, is, of course, to be inhuman; that is, a satirist. His theme is that of Maggie and Jiggs, or would be, if his Jiggs had a spine and loved his vulgarity. He doesn't; he wobbles and

doubts and frets; he even—God save this novel from insipidity—has to prove to himself that the hipsters are jerks.

This bitter knowledge comes as chilled comfort to the poor man, for he is then caught between the boring fiddlefaddle of clan life in Connecticut and the pointlessness of smoking



marijuana, Camus and Heidegger in hand. He has left his wife to explore the wonders of the hip world and, while he's batting his head upon it, the little lady finds out a thing or two. Well, to make a clean sweep of it, they come together again, in Connecticut, too, and try to make a go of it again.

It is novels like this that drive one to the shelf of green Penguin mys-

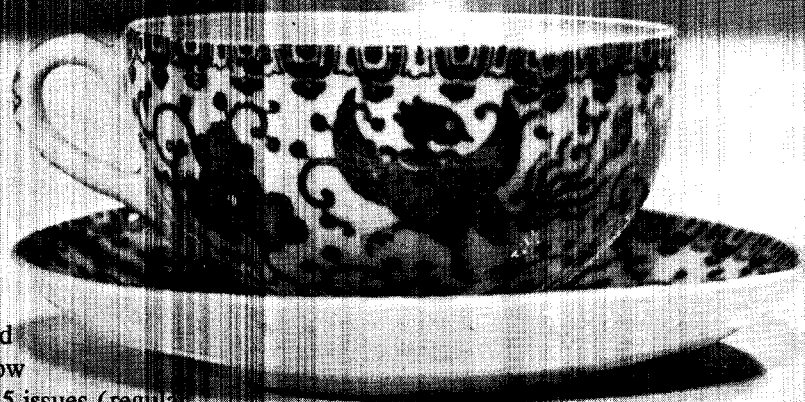
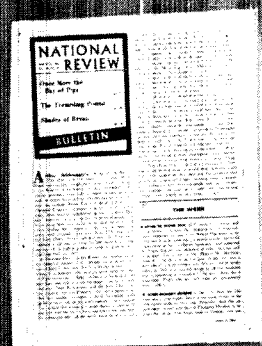
MR. ROBERT DRAKE was egged into writing his book of memoirs by Professor Warner Rice, Chairman of the English Department at the University of Michigan, and by professors Donald Davidson, Austin Warren, and Cleanth Brooks. All of these gentlemen seemed to think that if a Southerner, especially one from the Gothic wastes of western Tennessee, can talk he can also write. All Southerners are mythomaniacs, afflicted with total recall, and have the gift of tongues. They are not all authors. They can usually pass for authors, as Mr. Drake proves, and a reader might think these recollections heady stuff if he had not heard practically every word before. There should be a clearing house for Southern authors, so that when one of them is about to describe a child evangelist he can check with headquarters and learn that that bit has been done so many times in the past month by whoever, among the guild of some thousand writers all mining the quaintness of the South.

The Swedes are great fans of the Southern *epos* and read mountains of Faulkner, Welty, Wolfe, Caldwell, Capote, McCullers, and their lesser kinfolk. There will be children around the Republic who have not tired of all the hymnology, maiden auntery, and turpentine reek of the Porch Swing and Verbena Tale Tellers, and can enjoy Mr. Drake's nostalgic yarns, and the phlegmatic Swedes

A black and white photograph of a hand pouring tea from a teapot into a cup. The hand is wearing a ring and a bracelet. The teapot is on the left, and the cup is on the right. Steam rises from the cup, and a small newspaper clipping, the National Review Bulletin, is floating in the steam. The background is a dark, textured surface.

INSTANT INFORMATION

That's what you get in the *National Review* BULLETIN. The BULLETIN is the 8-page fortnightly newsletter which appears on alternate weeks, when the *Magazine* is not published (so that subscribers to the BULLETIN enjoy *National Review* every week of the year!). It gives you *inside* news and comment from correspondents all over the world—sharply edited in a crisp 8 pages that you can read in 30 minutes. You'll find it just your cup of tea. Try it now at this special introductory rate of just \$1.00 for the next 5 issues (regular rate: \$7.00 per year, available by subscription only). Fill out and mail the card facing this page today. We'll begin your BULLETIN subscription immediately.



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can swill their buttermilk and hail another collection from the Far South.

Now for a real book. *The Makepeace Experiment*, by the pseudonymous Abram Tertz, was written in Russia but by no means published there. This translation is from the Polish edition, published in France by the Institut Littéraire. It is galling to know that the country of Chekhov and Gogol can no longer stand a razzing from the bleachers, and the fact that Russian eyes may not see these charming pages is proof enough that Communism is not only tyrannical but immortally dull.

Lenya Tikhomirov, we are told, is the model Communist in a hick town deep in a remote Soviet. By stratagems partly from Lenin, partly from Russian Folklore (a category that is made to include Science), he founds a pure Communist city. He has gone Lenin one better, for if Socialism plus Electricity equals Communism, Communism plus Hypnotism (his contribution to the great dialectic) equals the Liberal Heaven on Earth. Under his spell-casting eye, water tastes like champagne, pickles like

Polish salami; in short, Tikhomirov becomes the perfected Russian ruler, hallucinator, cult leader, and benevolent dictator. The peasants rejoice and call him Czar, longing only for the churches to be reopened to round out their happiness.

Moscow, of course, sends bombers and tanks to flatten it all. Their very spies have defected to Tikhomirov. And flatten it they do, but not before every anomaly and inner contradiction in the Soviet authoritarianism has been pointed at with wit and malice.

The Tertzian Russia is a world upside down: inversion comes naturally for the Russian sense of satire (look at Gogol and Chagall). Except that inversion changes nothing in Russia. Superstition is turned topsy-turvy and becomes science; Czarist tyranny is inverted, becomes Communism; and remains tyranny. Up and over! go governments, names, systems; the people, strangely, remain unmoved and unchanged. The folk of Tertz's novel might be from any period in Russian history. God, the saints, the Devil, the Czar, and the goblins of the wood are their reality.

This is the fourth of Tertz's books to slip through the Curtain. It is clear that he is one of the most frantically inventive writers in European literature. *The Makepeace Experiment*, for instance, is supposedly the memoirs



of a devoted admirer of the hero, yet the pen is often guided (at hilarious transitions) by an affable and eccentric ghost who knew Tolstoy and Lavoisier in his day and who married Pushkin's nurse. Some unidentified dervish of a pedant has provided practically every page with a footnote. At one point the footnotes carry

Random Notes

● **MOVIES:** The very first Bond of them all, *Casino Royale*, snapped up for Columbia before 007 became the hashish of commuters and Presidents, will go onto film soon. The budget is a mere five million, as they're going light on the contraptions. Neither Sean Connery (who belongs to United Artists) nor Peter Sellers (who turned it down) will play Bond. . . . Third New York Film Festival will be holden Sept. 7-18, announces its director Amos Vogel, at Lincoln Center. . . . A flick called *Sinderella and Her Golden Bra* banged around Chicago as *Cindy and Her Golden*—and *Cinderella and the Golden Bra* and *Cindy and Her Golden Dress*. Delicate city, Chicago. . . . Jean Harlow, it turns out, dashed off a page of prose from time to time (there is even a photograph of her at the typewriter), and Grove Press is bringing it out as *Today Is Tonight*. . . . And a film about Isadora Duncan,

the American dancer of the twenties, is to star Shirley MacLaine. . . . Alec Guinness turns up next, with Gina Lollobrigida, in a production of *Hotel Paradiso*. . . . United Artists have begun a production of Ionesco's *Rhinoceros*, with Tony Hancock doing the roaring. . . . Duccio Tessari, Italian director, contemplates a thriller about the comic-strip wizard Mandrake.

● **POETRY:** Nothing is quite so undergroundish difficult to keep track of as contemporary poetry. No sooner do you think you've caught up with what's going on than you discover that a whole school of poets, anathema to the anthologist at hand, has escaped your notice. The reliable and famous Donald Allen *New American Poetry 1945-1960* (Grove) is already drifting out of date, and Paris Leary and Robert Kelly throw into the gap a highly eclec-

tic *A Controversy of Poets* (Anchor Books Original, \$2.45), with 300 poems from all persuasions and schools.

● **BOOKS:** For November, a new collection of Thurber pieces, prose and drawings, with an introduction by Helen Thurber (Harper & Row, \$5.95). . . . Mickey Rooney, of all people, has written an autobiography, called *I.E.*, from Putnam in October, \$4.95. . . . And now the Russians have taken to spy thrillers. *Petrovka 38* (telephone number of the cops in Moscow) is the first tec to cross the curtain. It is by Julian Semyonov and is said to be about "toughs, beatniks, and drug addicts." For Sept., from Stein and Day. . . . *The Warm, Wonderful Wit and Humor of Lyndon B. Johnson*, by Bill Adler (who compiled *The Kennedy Wit*) has been toned down to *The Johnson Humor* (Simon & Schuster, \$2.95).

the action while the text flounders in stuttering irrelevance. At any turning of the plot, which is contrived to be rendered in the sternest Realism, wild details from Russian folk tales slip in and embarrassing miracles blossom. Tertz has been compared to George Orwell; his true masters seem to be Aesop and Nikolai Gogol. Aesop, we remember, was a slave and had the cunning of a man who learns to

speak out of the side of his mouth. Gogol knew the basic humanity of the Russian people and never tired of wondering at their ambiguous capacity to denounce and embrace humbug both at once. Whatever the anguish of the man who calls himself Abram Tertz, he must be aware of the fussy shade of Gogol looking over his shoulder, smiling and grinding his teeth.

Where We Came In

MELCHIOR PALYI

A RECORD-BREAKING, almost continuous boom of eight years; the Dow-Jones average of industrial share prices jumping five-fold; world market prices of raw material slip-

The Great Boom and Panic, by Robert T. Patterson. Regnery, \$6.50

ping, but "no inflation" at home; personal incomes rising and debts mounting—are we in 1929 or 1965? The publication of *The Great Boom and Panic* could scarcely have been better timed.

Dr. Patterson avoids drawing historical parallels. He writes history focused on the stock market, with emphasis on its "human" aspects—the behavior of groups and individuals—as well as on its operational techniques. It is an informal history for the benefit of the general reader; the underlying economic and political problems are relegated to the background. But time and again they break out, as it were, from under this imposed limitation. As a history, the book is the unbiased product of thoroughgoing research. The lucid, virtually day-to-day presentation of the critical weeks and months provides dramatic tension without the kind of over-dramatization of, for example, J. K. Galbraith's *The Great Crash, 1929*.

Perhaps it was this book that sparked the warnings, issued on June 1 by Mr. McChesney Martin Jr., the Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, when he pointed out the disturbing similarities between the twenties and the sixties (a position from which he has been gracefully retreating ever since). In fact, his superficial confrontation of the two

periods did not do justice to either of them. In detached retrospect, some highly significant parallels emerge from Patterson's presentation, frequently underplayed, or scarcely mentioned, by the author himself.

THE BOOM of the twenties was no "bubble" like the great tulip swindle in Holland, or the South Sea Bubble in England, or the kind of over-expansion that accompanied the German post-World War I runaway inflation. It had solid foundations—fundamentally sound long-run prospects. The trouble was that people's conceptions of time become confused when they are carried away by enthusiasm. Their mental picture of developments is geared to an undefined future, ignoring the disturbances which may intervene. Economists, in particular, are driven by the logic of their calculus to extrapolate in straight lines. The Harvard Business School and other salesmen of academic sloth did an immeasurable disservice, just as their successors do at present, by fostering overconfidence and providing it with the claptrap of pseudo-scientific backing. Twenty or thirty years later, the most sanguine forecasts may come true. However, neither investors nor entrepreneurs, let alone the "pure" speculators, can wait twenty or thirty years, not even that many months—especially when they operate on borrowed money burdened with interest charges and inconvenient maturity dates.

Dr. Patterson begins his fascinating narrative by pointing out that "during and after World War I, the Liberty and Victory Loan drives had taught people to buy securities." That may have helped to attract their



Speaking Up . . .

Ralph de Toledano, former associate editor of Newsweek and now a nationally syndicated columnist, will accept invitations now to lecture around the country. Mr. de Toledano will be speaking in the middle and far west the second week in December and could add an engagement if arrangements are made in time.

Over the years he has written several books (two of the most recent, *The Winning Side* and *The Greatest Plot in History*, are current best-sellers) and his articles have appeared in the major magazines of this country. His lecture topics include: "Behind the Scenes in Washington," "How the Reds Stole the Atomic Bomb" and many other topics involving Washington politics and relations with the Soviet government.

Our other prominent speakers include Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, lecturing on "The Coming Counter-Revolution," "States' Rights and the Christian Tradition"; L. Brent Bozell, attorney and author of the *The Warren Court: A Dissenting Opinion*, an analysis of the U. S. Supreme Court; William A. Rusher, publisher of National Review, Dr. Anthony T. Bouscaren, writer, professor and author; Ernest van den Haag, psychoanalyst, scholar and writer. Frank S. Meyer, senior editor of NR and the newly published *The African Nettle*; and William F. Rickenbacker, author and senior editor of National Review.

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attention to shares of common stock. But great wars affect the economic mind much more deeply. Almost invariably, after a short period of hesitation or recession, they are followed by a violent boom-and-bust cycle. Technical progress is stimulated, postwar reconstruction and readjustment fire the imagination; the rate of population increase is accelerated.

In the 1920s, a glowing optimism took hold of the average American. His country, become the world's richest, was its uncontested arbiter; the dollar, the world's strongest currency. Gold was flowing in; the newly created Federal Reserve System could and did vastly expand the

credit base, thereby creating the false impression that business expansion would never again be obstructed by a scarcity of funds. Above all, peace had been established, safe and secure; disarmament was a fact of life, not just a pious program.

IN A CAPITALISTIC WORLD, nothing could have inspired more confidence, been more bullish, than the prospect of peace—sustained by cheap money and the “scientific proof,” provided by such highly respected economists as the irresponsible Professor Irving Fisher, that the threat of depression had gone with the horse-and-buggy age. That is where we are again.

Cultures at Odds

ARNOLD W. GREEN

IN ENGLAND “dogs have only to bark, cocks to crow, cats miaow, radios blare, youngsters jive, floors shake,

Back Street New Worlds: A Look at Immigrants in Britain, by Elspeth Huxley. Morrow, \$4.00

aircraft buzz, motorcycles roar beyond a certain level of decibels, for injunctions to fly about like autumn leaves.” Add the intelligence that second-hand brass beds are knocked about a bit when they are prepared for the West Indian trade, in order that an increased potentiality for noise-making will advertise the purchaser's virility, and we have been thoroughly informed about culture-clash as well as blessedly spared the term in this engaging report.

A population that is two per cent colored, made up of West Indians—about half of the new immigration—and Indians and Pakistanis and Africans, to most Americans would seem hardly worth taking note of, especially since the 1962 Commonwealth Immigration Act limited the free entry of Britain's former subjects. But many of those already there are married men who came alone, whose wives and children can continue to come in under the Act, and their birth rate is much higher than that of the natives. The numbers will rise to a projected four or five million by the turn of the century.

Britain is also a more homogeneous

society than our own, making differences of customs and dress as well as color more highly visible. And these new immigrants, like all others, have clotted in a few urban places, and a few districts in those places, with the resulting heavy strain on schools, services, and housing.

Especially housing. Most housing is obsolete, half of it built before 1919. Lack of space and immigrant preference meet, for back home they also lived jam-packed, an extended family in close physical contact. Even under these conditions, the West Indians are personally clean and keep their own quarters that way, but not the communal garbage and sanitary facilities. They respect only their own, not what belongs to everybody.

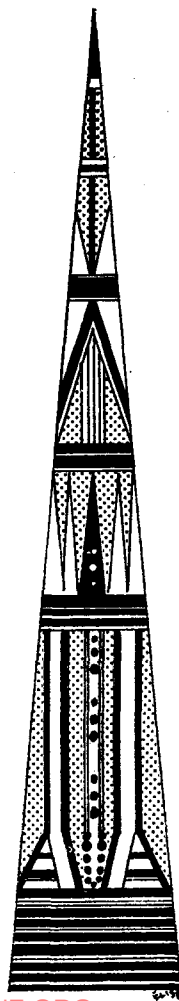
The more authority-disciplined natives react in a predictable way. Many of them have a colored landlord, more with each pass-

ing year. If they don't like it, why don't they save and do without, with the same ferocity as the Pakistanis, in order to own their own place? The immigrants are the most enterprising of their own race, and they settle among the least enterprising of the natives. The English urban working class thinks in terms of rent, not ownership, and “of course Council rents are heavily subsidized.” The dark owner has typically been conned by loan sharks and real estate brokers, so to keep up his monthly payments he must cram tenants to the ridge beams. Then the Rachmanesque “de-statting”—cutting off gas, encouraging noisy parties, to get rid of tenants with state-controlled rents and make way for unprotected tenants who will pay more. Those driven out are invariably white, generally old, and all are bitter.

WHEN A SLUM HOUSE develops, why doesn't the Council condemn it, issue “compulsory purchase orders”? Where would the present occupants go? There is probably another reason, the same reason the City of New York denounces landlords for flouting housing regulations, but looks the other way when a specific building is being inspected. The City of New York does not, most sincerely, want to become the landlord.

Immigrants are pulled as well as pushed. The dark million have been encouraged to come since World War II by those industries that could no longer attract native workers—given full employment and the welfare state. Thus brick-making, rubber-plant operation, bus driving, and sub-professional work in hospitals, particularly geriatric and insane hospitals, are now for the most part taken over by the newer peoples. Britain's medical program, Mrs. Huxley avers, would disintegrate without them.

The heart of the matter is prejudice. Color, according to Mrs. Huxley, is not the question. Antipathy toward color merely rationalizes lack of space and misunderstandings in basically different ways of life. Such misunderstandings can cut both ways. Some of the newer peoples are reasonably content when they are treated with English cordiality and fairness. The West Indians are not. They regard as rejection what many Britons believe to be their own respect for others' privacy.



Intermarriage, she believes, will have to come. The West Indians, who are physically most unlike the natives, will on this score prove to be the most assimilable—they are the most anxious to be accepted, their native culture is a modification of that of the host country, and they place a high value on lightness of skin. And yet prejudice, even color prejudice, in the meantime is quite evident. Her reasoning is along fashionable lines: "Small children just don't notice whether an individual is black or white, speaks Greek or Gujarti. Later prejudice is born."

This later prejudice she attributes to the older child's habit of "transforming to some other creature responsibility for his own frustrations and shortcomings," and to the echoing of his own parents' prejudices. Thus, although she does not use the terms, the "frustration-aggression hypothesis" and "cultural conditioning." But all these explanations are possibly incomplete, even in combination.

The phenomenon is universal. The Pakistanis, who of all the immigrants speak in her pages most bitterly of the prejudice aimed at them, are notably prejudiced themselves—racially, territorially, and linguistically. "Is sex the tap root of prejudice? Probably." At adolescence, with its sexual competition and sudden emphasis upon ratings of all kinds, prejudice appears to be at a peak. Though everyone concerned has tried hard "no one has succeeded in getting a racially mixed youth club off the ground."

THAT THE PERIOD of childhood innocence can be extended is open to question. Small children, true enough, show little if any such prejudice: but then, they do not practice sexual intercourse either, and it is quite likely that they would show prejudice in later life even if they were not particularly frustrated and had been uninstructed by their parents. What small children are probably, does not provide a complete guide about what adults could be.

And the sexual competition of adolescence is only one phase in a whole new world of rivalry—rivalry for money, status, reputation—*basic* rivalry that appears despite personality and political and ideological differences. It can take the form of proving superiority by not being prej-

udiced, by going down to Mississippi and stirring up the natives and relating the experience to the church congregation back home. It is a universal historical fact that men, perhaps most or even all of them, will use race and ethnicity, in one way or another, in the attempt to state their own importance in the world.

In America we are hooked on the dilemma we made ourselves. We promote, frenetically, both literal equality and equality of opportunity, the opportunity to prove superiority. As ideals they can exist side by side, but not as a political program. As a program they are doing much to spread the failure of conviction in the national enterprise. The English, too, are faced with "a lack of national purpose, of self-confidence, of belief; the malaise of crusaders without a cross and youth without a cause." For them, the unity of imperialism is gone.

STILL, BRITAIN RETAINS the remnants—wilted with lost functions, tattered with scandal and frivolity—of a class structure. Which is to say: standards have faded, but have not yet been struck. Which is further to say: Mrs. Huxley and her mythical man in the street regard the new immigrants as charged with the obligation of adapting themselves to the British way of life.

Nowhere in her pages, despite Aldermaston marchers and Trafalgar Square chanters, is recorded the British equivalent of LeRoi Jones and James Baldwin, reviling order itself. England has at least been spared a "race movement" that simultaneously pleads for total equalitarian acceptance within a social order and arrogantly passes anarchistic judgments upon it, guiltily acceded to by many of those who must help to preserve that order.

Whatever may be "the cause" of prejudice, and Mrs. Huxley has succeeded as well as any other investigator in the attempt to state it, she demonstrates, again and again, that antipathy rises with the numbers encountered—in schools, on the job, in the street. The principle of free entry is not observed by any other member of the Commonwealth, and for the sake of the new immigrants, as well as native Britons, it must not be reinstituted. Even the new Labor government has backed off from that pledge.

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The Blonde Booby Trap

FRANCIS RUSSELL

NO ONE can say I'm not thorough. The day after I saw Paramount's *Harlow*, and before writing this review, I bicycled over the hill to the Wellesley Book Stall to see if they still had a copy of Irving Shulman's "intimate" biography in their lending library. They did. Any time I have to pay fifteen cents a day for a book the result is speed-reading, and I went right down the center of every page. I must say, Mr. Shulman, I had no idea. . . .

The intimate author writes with a punch that I envy, but that leaves me slightly punch-drunk after several hours of speeding. Anyhow I know a lot more about Jean Harlow now than I did after I saw the picture, and apparently more than John Michael Hayes did, who adapted the film from the book.

Jean herself I saw only in one picture, and that was some time in 1930 just before I left for my undergraduate years in Germany. The film was Howard Hughes' *Hell's Angels* in which she played her first sex-star role. *À la recherche du temps déjà vu!* The Blonde Bombshell she was then, suddenly set off by Howard Hughes in one of his million-dollar moods. I must have been a slow developer as an adolescent, for my most vivid memories of that film are of the aerial dogfights, and above all that England-My-England pilot who dove his plane straight into a German dirigible to destroy it. Hughes, never a man to spare the dollars, burned up a real Zeppelin in that sequence.

I also recall the opening in Oxford rooms that looked like good old Teddy Hall, with the sartorial splendor of the 1914 undergraduates wearing their college crests embroidered on their tweed suits. One of the undergraduates, a German, was later of course a flying officer aboard the Zeppelin. With the ship flying high over London, he was lowered in a wicker basket attached to a long cable until he was below the clouds. There he could signal when to unleash the bombs on the Albert Memorial and Buckingham Palace. But so overcome was he by the memory of old Teddy Hall that he signaled for the bombs to drop harmlessly on empty spaces be-

yond the city. In any case when the British planes finally scouted out the Zeppelin, its commander, in his desperate haste, cut the cable instead of reeling it in—and zoop, squish, out of the basket, and down to earth!

What I remember of the Blonde Bombshell is the bleached hair, a face the like of which I had never seen before, and an embraceable body in the lowest evening dress yet cut and soon to be reconnoitered by the RAF. Her embosomed grapple with a fighter pilot was the most daring scene since Victor McLaglen patted a medal onto the French girl in *What Price Glory*. That scene was a bombshell for Will Hays. I believe it helped bring about the Legion of Decency.

OF COURSE Jean Harlow couldn't act, and her voice was so sharp it was like the fairy tale where every time the wench spoke a toad popped out of



her mouth. And yet, and yet, the Blonde Bombshell was still a fascinating female. She had the quality of uniqueness, if she had nothing else. Hughes was right when he took this nobody bit-player to star her in his uncoordinated air epic. She was the substantive figure that bound it together. Awkward in gesture, atrocious in accent, she managed to stamp her three-dimensional individuality on the two-dimensional Hollywood world.

Logically it would seem—on the parallel that Aldous Huxley noted of

the man on the Quaker Oats box carrying a box of Quaker Oats on which was a man carrying another box, etc.—that a well-upholstered actress of no talent would be just the one to portray another actress of no talent. But in the film version of Jean Harlow's life, Carroll Baker, whose hair is platinum, whose flesh is firm, and whose acting ability is nil, fails to provide even a box-top facsimile of the Blonde Bombshell. Peroxide is not enough.

WHATEVER JEAN HARLOW'S LIFE may have been, her film life is really the Cinderella story with a Snow White-in-her-coffin ending. No mention of Howard Hughes, no mention of *Hell's Angels*. Jean is first seen as the honest working girl with a horror of the casting couch that bars her from all regular studio work. Then the gallantly avuncular Red Buttons, as the agent Arthur Landau, discovers her. Unlike the established agent who did discover Jean Harlow, Red is just a struggling young fellow with a Model A touring car and a clean conscience, the very David Harum of agents. Still, I must give Buttons credit. One could scarcely run away with a picture like *Harlow*, but for a reformed comic he is a better actor than I thought he was. Impotency has its innings on the screen now (without Mr. Shulman's anatomical explanations), as Peter Lawford—with whimsical improbability—plays the role of Paul Bern, Jean's inadequate but pugilistically inclined husband. And thrown in for good measure is perhaps the most complicated and uncalled-for bedroom set yet shown on the screen.

THERE IS little more to be said about the film. Many of the background shots in the film studio were interesting, and something might have been made of them—but it was not. Louis B. M-y-r appears for some reason as Richard Manley, and is played by an Italianate actor whose name I missed. When alive M-y-r's name was too sacred to be spoken, and apparently in Hollywood it still is. Towards the end I found myself noticing the anachronisms, one way I have of whiling away the cinema hours. For aficionados there are stiletto heels in 1930, Prohibition repealed under Hoover, and a nightmare of wrongly dated autos, etc.

Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of Clichés*, now out in paperback, must be invaluable to script-writers. I

managed to cull the following phrases in the dark:

"Please let go of me, please!"

"Does something exist called good clean sex?"

"The man I saved myself for didn't even want me."

"She didn't die of pneumonia, she died of life."

Ah, to be able to earn a living sitting beside the swimming pool *wo die Zitronen blüh'n* and writing dialogue like that.

I don't suppose Hollywood could be expected to make a good film about itself. Too many taboos. And when in *Harlow* our Carroll looks at herself in the glass and lisps, "I look priddy ordinary to me"—in the old army lingo of my generation, I couldn't agree with you more, old girl!

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE MAN IN THE MIRROR, by Frederick Ayer Jr. (Regnery, \$4.50). The giant Russian IBM in MGB headquarters in Moscow purrs gently and drops a dozen cards into the basket. Soviet Intelligence officers look them over and discard nine. Three are handed to two men—a plastic surgeon and a portrait painter. They compare them with several blown-up photographs. Karl Friedrich von Tetlow, ex-Colonel of the SS, genocide, is chosen and whoof, we're off again: it's E. Phillips Oppenheimer's *The Great Impersonation* brought up to date, and just as much fun. Von Tetlow, who escaped to the Argentine after the War, is kidnaped and given the choice of working for the Russians or being turned over to Israel. The man he is to impersonate, Roger Lowell Storow, Back Bay Boston, Groton, Harvard, Special Assistant to the President of the United States on Security Matters is, in turn, kidnaped while on an amateur archaeological vacation in Mexico. His wife's devoted maid is framed as a jewel thief and goes to jail; his wife is killed in a hit-and-run accident; Storow's dependable middle-aged secretary is labeled hysterical when she reports to the police that a strapping Negro broke into her apartment one night, stripped her naked—but didn't assault her or even rob her. On a remote Mexican hacienda von Tetlow watches his

alter ego day and night through a one-way window. When all is ready he returns to Washington: he has suffered an accident while exploring the Mayan ruins and arrives, his face bandaged to cover plastic surgery, his right arm in a splint (Storow was a par golfer), his right hand shattered (the easier to explain a shaky signature). No wife, no maid, an undependable secretary. Will he get away with it? Will the real Storow escape in time to warn U.S. authorities? The wind-up is fast and satisfying.

P. L. BUCKLEY

THE PROSPECTS FOR ARMS CONTROL, edited by James E. Dougherty with John F. Lehman Jr. (Macfadden-Bartell paperback, 95¢). This disarmament anthology is unusual in that it does not take the need for throwing our weapons into the sea as self-evident, but seeks instead to determine what if anything our nuclear arsenal is supposed to accomplish. Based on the Collegiate Disarmament Conference held in Philadelphia last year, the book is pretty evenly balanced between representatives of the defense and diplomatic establishment inside the government and relatively hard-nosed critics of official policy outside it. Of special merit are the essays of Kurt London and Richard V. Allen on the fallacies of "coexistence," of Sidney Hook on the psychology of nuclear pacifism, and of Admiral Arleigh Burke on the need for a comprehensive strategy of victory to counter the single-minded drive of our Communist adversaries. Also of interest are Herman Kahn's delicate suggestion that the axioms of *détente* may be harmful to our defense posture and Robert Strausz-Hupé's delicate reflections on the need for a stronger NATO. A valuable book which, if it contained nothing else, would be worth having for Prof. Hook's annihilation of Bertrand Russell.

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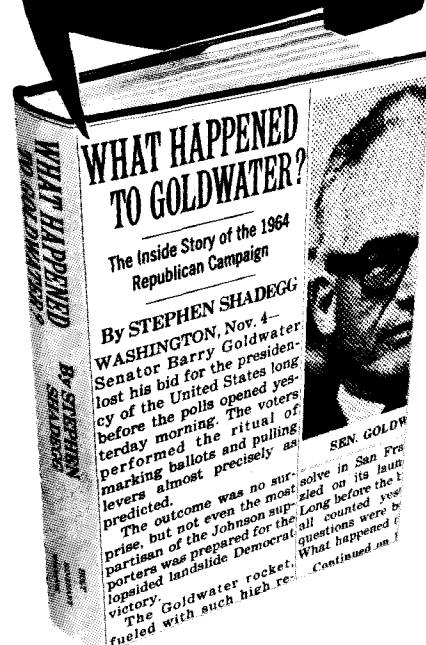
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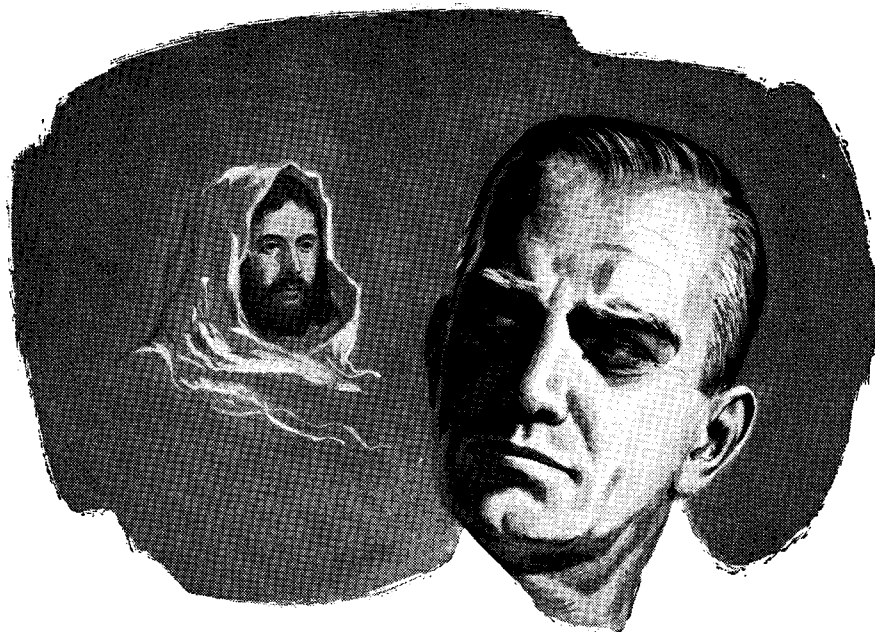
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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 708)

maid servants and man servants re-claimed for our national character what was being lost by the Puritan outlook on sex of our first settlers.

Caresses truly affectionate and sincere have been part of Catholic married life from time immemorial. When Abimelech looked through the window at Isaac wooing Rebecca he knew immediately that they were man and wife; and ever since moralists came across that passage they have let it be known that Catholic spouses should heed the advice of John Viscount Morley (in another context, of course): "It is not enough to do good; one must do it in a good way."

Mr. Wills was quite blunt in re letter writers, so I shall now turn the burner on full blast before I sign off. If this is the kind of writing we are to expect from the emerging layman little wonder the event is viewed with alarm. There is an element of danger in every breech birth.

REV. THOMAS R. MURPHY

West Mifflin, Pa. Resurrection Church

Independent Atlantic

In your issue of August 10, Mr. James Burnham states that the *Atlantic Monthly* is published by Little, Brown & Co. This association is limited strictly to the book division of the Atlantic Monthly Co., and has no bearing on our magazine considerations.

FRANK M. HERBERT JR.

Publisher, *The Atlantic Monthly*
Boston, Mass.

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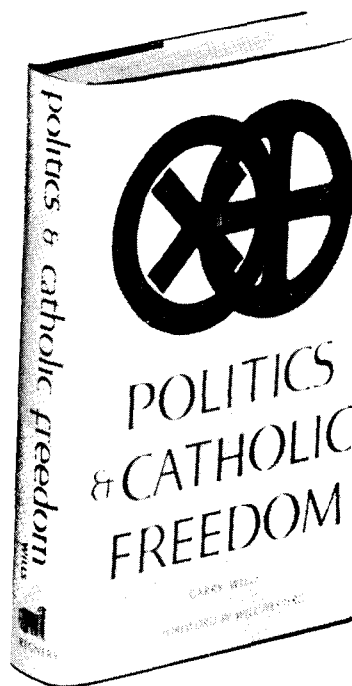
SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (August 10)

[John L.] McClellan
CRIME WITHOUT PUNISHMENT

If our sports-minded academic institutions are willing to make clandestine payments to a boy for winning, when they and he both know they are violating the spirit of amateurism, then why should anybody be horrified when a gambler pays him secretly for losing?

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6. "The book is itself a sign of the times that the sociologist of religion should take note of. Most important, perhaps, it sets an example of study too little followed — the unofficial ways opinion is shaped in the churches . . ."
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—William F. Buckley, Jr., of *National Review*
8. "A thorough piece of research which {merits} the attention of professional theologians . . . should be required reading for Catholic journalists and for all serious students of papal social teaching."
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—*American Ecclesiastical Review*
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For The Record

Vote surprises: In House vote to repeal Sect. 14(b) of Taft-Hartley (Right to Work) only four of 20 Texas congressmen went the LBJ way. Also voting against the Administration was Rep. Morris Udall of Ariz., brother of Sec. of Interior Stewart Udall. . . . In Senate reapportionment vote, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and (Muzzle the Military) Fulbright voted for the Dirksen Amendment. Only Republicans to vote against it were Eastern Sens. Javits (N.Y.), Case (N.J.) and Boggs (Del.). . . . Insiders in California say Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty may well enter Democratic gubernatorial primary against Gov. Pat Brown next year. Yorty could rack up big majority in populous Los Angeles County. . . . If Johnson has his way, the '68 Democratic convention will be held in new Houston Astrodome.

A number of Greek Communists who had been living in Rumania turning up in Yugoslavia where they are being trained for subversive activities at camp near Skopje. Some of the guerrillas already have slipped across Macedonian border into Greece. . . . Reason there hasn't been more international outcry at decision of Denmark to send home some Czech tourists who tried to defect is that some, in group, were double agents. . . . Russia, which has yet to pay a kopek of its UN Congo Pacification Assessment, is objecting to UN payment of damages to Belgian citizens who were wounded, or whose property was damaged, in Katanga operations.

House response to peacenik invasion of Washington over Aug. 6 weekend: on Aug. 9 it voted, 393 to 1, stiff penalties for tearing up, burning or mutilating draft cards. . . . At State U. of New York (in Buffalo) the latest thing peacewise is the "Solve-In" (There are Solutions to the War in Vietnam, Come to our Solve-In etc.).

Observers note that during big international Communist meeting in Bucharest last month, both Soviet First Sec.

Leonid Brezhnev and Red China Deputy Premier Teng Hsiao-ping were often absent from conference table at same time. This has set off rumors of behind-the-scenes talks to ease relations between Communist Big Two. . . . French Culture Minister André Malraux, whose "unofficial" visit to Red China lasted three weeks, says China still is very much interested in getting in the UN. (Letting China in the UN, commented Sen. Karl Mundt last week, would be like "inviting the Mafia to send a representative to LBJ's new anti-crime commission.") . . . England has revoked the OBE (Order of the British Empire) award it gave Harold Philby in 1946. Philby, believed to be the man who tipped off Burgess and Maclean that the jig was up, defected to the USSR two years ago.



Punch

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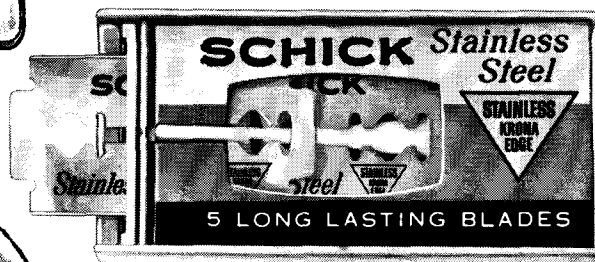
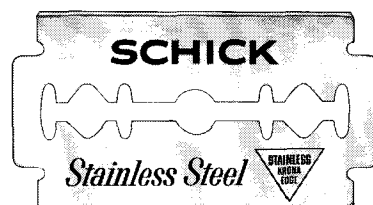
"I know how you feel about these local skirmishes, poor baby, but I promise we'll escalate very, very soon."

Equal time, equal space, French-style: French passports issued in 1965 (a presidential election year) carry this statement: "It is advisable always to speak with admiration about General de Gaulle while traveling abroad. Foreigners will have a bad impression of you if you criticize your homeland or its leaders."

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